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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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On Tolerance

OF all ages ours is perhaps the most tolerant. Other ages have been tolerant from incapacity to be otherwise, from ignorance, from indifference, from licentiousness, but ours is so of deliberation. We have indeed made a cult of toleration, perhaps to the point where toleration is no longer a virtue. Partly we are tolerant because civilization has grown so complex that to resent what is not directly suited to our inclinations would consume all our energies; partly, because as a result of its intricacy we have learned that in order to live we must let live. But largely we are tolerant because the spirit of science has descended upon us, and science has taught us the fallacy of believing that theories are immutable.

It was impossible, of course, that an age which replaced faith with science should retain its moral codes unchanged. Human nature could no longer be measured by the same yardstick when it was seen in part at least to be the victim of glandular deficiencies as when it had seemed to be entirely a thing of the spirit. As soon as the human being no longer appeared unquestionably the captain of his soul, but was rather the resultant of chemistry and experience, conduct could no more be fitted into a cast-iron sheath of custom. If man sinned, he sinned as much because of himself as despite himself. And if that was so, the sin was no longer to be regarded as sin.

But an interest in science could not stop with theory, it must proceed to experimentation. And experimentation, again, meant a further loosening of the shackles of convention, or at least an excuse for lenity toward the relaxing of traditional standards. A new attitude developed toward society which regarded it as a vast laboratory where human relationships were in process of shaping, and where precedent was not of necessity the lodestar of action. So now today it has become fashionable to be "open-minded," stupid to be straitlaced, ridiculous to be prudish. This is the canon in the year of grace 1929.

It is the canon, we hasten to add, of the sophisticates. The masses of the nation are undoubtedly still living if not in the full light of Victorian morality at least in the shadow of it. But in a democracy like ours the opinions of the sophisticates bode much for the nation, for by example, through literature, through the press, they seep down into the remotest of our communities.

They interest us here because they are so largely the forces that are shaping our fiction, or at least that part of it which pretends to be criticism of life rather than mere narrative of incident. The younger generation of novelists, at any rate, has wholeheartedly embraced the belief that tolerance is a virtue, and that the ordering of the individual's life, so far as it does not contravene the mechanism of the social group, is no one's business but the individual's. They mean by that, and we mean, in interpreting them, of course, that the relation of the sexes is one that no longer can be judged by the strict regard for marriage that prevailed even fifty years ago. They quite frankly accept the idea of experiment as applying to marriage, and they look upon infidelity as quite as often the result of the endocrines as of insufficient moral sense or willpower. The right of the individual to love where and when he will is again and again their thesis. What they are doing to society by their theories no one can as yet say. What they are doing to literature at the moment is to make it appear repellent to

(*Continued on page 37*)

Pyrannean Twilight

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE yoked white bullocks
Sway to the sound
Of creaking wood,
Feet follow ground

In a homeward slant
To the bullock-sheds,
Beast and driver
Fain of their beds.

The ranges alight
With flaming grain
Sparkle darkly
Like wine of Spain.

The smothered red
Settles to ash;
Night wells up
In the narrow gash

Between cracked peaks
That sharpen and blacken;
The green and the purple
Yield and slacken.

Blackness bubbles
Dissolving rocks
And church-towers
And ripping flocks

That spiral down
To the valley-bed,
All flows homeward
Shepherded.

Silence is out
Dissolving sound,
Deep sleeping
Is in the ground.

Labor of day
Has long release,
All is cleansed
For passion's peace,—

For the heart's vibrations,
Musical — rich —
That spiral up
To a mountain-pitch.

This Week

"Andrew Johnson."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"Frontiers of Hope."
Reviewed by NORAH MEADE.

"Compass Rose."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Young Mrs. Greeley."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

N. S. N. S.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Salvation by Philosophy.
By RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Not Such Defenders*

By ELMER DAVIS

MR. ALFRED ZIMMERN is a zealous worker for a better and more intelligent world, so when he calls attention to a perilous condition in the world as it is he is worth listening to; especially when he contrasts our ways with those of the Greeks, on whose affairs he is expert. All but one of the essays in this volume, he candidly admits, are left-overs from the material assembled for his famous work on the Greek Commonwealth; and it is a tribute to the solidity of his scholarship that after twenty years they hardly date at all. Of most interest is the study of slavery in Greece, which dissipates, at least so far as Athens is concerned, the impression one might get from the writings of wealthy philosphers, that the Greeks spent all their time in politics, fighting, and arguments about virtue and justice, while the slaves did all the work. Certainly the Greeks disliked drudgery and indoor work, as Mr. Zimmern concedes, and left it to the slaves wherever they could. But there remained a good deal of labor for the citizens, as anyone who got his impressions of Athenian life from the theater rather than the philosophers must have recognized. (Such a state as Ægina, about which we know little, may have been quite different.)

But the title essay, lately written, is the one that counts. The title, of course, derives from the famous story in Herodotus which represents Solon the sage talking to Crœsus the richest man in the world, "not as equal but as master. Today Crœsus is king in fact if not in name, and the successors of Solon, no longer law givers, count themselves happy if they are not his hirelings." That is to say, our civilization is based on the work of experts, thinkers, scientists; but it is not thinkers but rich men who rule the world. "In the reversal of the two rôles lies the central problem of twentieth-century civilization."

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What, another central problem? Mr. Hoover seems to think that law observance is the central problem of twentieth-century civilization; and Dr. John B. Watson says it is sex; and Mr. William C. Durant thinks it is the frowardness of people who bear stocks which Mr. Durant is bulling—but they may all be right. If laymen understand the implications of the Einstein theory, all problems are central in curved space which has no periphery. Zimmern's problem, at any rate, is serious enough; for we cannot go on living, as the later Romans disastrously tried to go on living, on the intellectual capital accumulated in the past. "Knowledge is not a commodity that can be collected and stored; it exists nowhere but in the living mind." What makes a state or a world civilized is

> the presence of a sufficient proportion of civilized persons —that is, of men and women who have individually made the effort to absorb, and as it were live over again in their own wider experience, the thought of their predecessors in civilization . . . The only valid test of political, social, and economic institutions is whether they are such as to provide the community with an assured succession of such individuals. Abridge or limit this succession and a process of decadence will set in.

Mr. Zimmern does not think we are providing for that succession. Applied science is more profitable, and more attractive, than the pure science on which technological advancement depends; and those who have the "vocation of thought"—educators, research

* SOLON AND CRŒSUS, and Other Greek Essays. By ALFRED ZIMMERN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $3.

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workers, artists, journalists—have let the rich get the upper hand. "Solon is decked out with titles and decorations and signs of outward honor"; he gets honorary degrees, and space in the newspapers; but "the voice that commands is the voice of Crœsus," and what he commands is nothing less than "the daily martyrdom of truth."

A situation so deplorable—and so pointedly in contrast, Mr. Zimmern assures us, with the practice of the Greeks who started our civilization—calls for inquiry as to how we got that way; also as to what we can do about it. Mr. Zimmern finds two principal causes—"the increase of the aids to knowledge and the diffusion of instruction." There is such an accumulation of fact nowadays that the thinker is in danger of getting lost in it; and universal literacy has not turned out to be the same as universal education. Why? "The pervading influence of Crœsus." Rich men made of education for the masses "a training in the aptitudes needed for the routine work of a machine-driven society." Universal education has produced a Lincoln, a Masaryk; but in spreading it out we have had to dilute it till it can hardly be called education at all. It appears that the influence and example of America, too, have helped corrupt Europe and give Crœsus the advantage over Solon.

Yet Zimmern ends on a note of optimism. The intellectuals can win, if they will only get together. "Crœsus, supreme in the art of organization, has mobilized his millions; Solon, individualist by the very nature of his work and thought, has set nothing against him but tenacious individual wills." But let the intellectuals unite their forces; let the associations of particular sciences intermingle more than they do, so that not only may historians meet historians, but biologists and astronomers as well. "Science, Art, Letters, and Education together form an indissoluble whole. United, they can stand four-square against the onslaught of Crœsus; divided, they will be individually overpowered." Here is a salvation-and-redemption drama, which can almost be chopped up into acts as it stands; the assault of tyrannous Wealth upon virtuous and innocent Learning, the momentary triumph of the villain; the rallying of the forces of righteousness, and the last-act struggle that brings down the curtain on a happy ending. Are we to be saved so simply as all that? I think not.

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Mr. Zimmern is a man of such obvious good will that it seems ungracious to point out that good will is not enough. Possibly even Crœsus, in his thick-witted way, is doing what, to him, seems right. If we are to extricate civilization from such a dire peril we need not only good will but clear thinking; and here Zimmern sets us a bad example, which begins with his very title. He presumably knows that the Solon-Crœsus story is a myth; chronology makes it virtually impossible to believe that the two ever met, and if they had met their conversation would hardly have been as represented by patriotic Athenian legend a hundred and fifty years later. But the reader unacquainted with critical history is likely to suppose that this is fact.

It is fact, Zimmern might counter, in its essence, in that it expresses the Greek view that thought was of greater weight than money, that the sage had a right to lay down the law to the millionaire. Well, it is true in general that the Greeks esteemed intellect more highly than we do, and money less highly. They had more intellect than we, in proportion to their numbers, and less money; whether their relative estimate of these two ingredients of civilization was the cause or the effect of this remains uncertain. But, as with most other members of the human race, money that they despised was usually other people's money, money they could not get. Give the average Greek a chance to get money, even by selling out his country, and he usually took it. Even their intellectuals were willing to work for men like Crœsus; though if they happened to be wealthy intellectuals they worked for other reasons than money, and resigned, as Plato resigned his job with Dionysius, when things did not go to suit them. Wealthy intellectuals have been known to resign, even in this degenerate time. Crœsus then respected Solon for what he could get out of him, as he does now. When Philip made Aristotle Alexander's tutor, it was not because he wanted Alexander to be another Aristotle; it was because he believed that Aristotle's teaching would help Alexander to out-Crœsus Crœsus.

There is something, then, in Mr. Zimmern's contrast between Greek and modern ways, as there is something in his main thesis; but both need qualification. A man who comes to the defense of intellectual integrity ought himself to set an example of exactitude and straight thinking. His criticism of popular education, also, is partly true; some rich men in every generation have wanted the schools to turn out willing factory hands and competent clerks. But how many high-school students would of their own accord elect Plato and Thucydides rather than bookkeeping and business English? One is tempted to wonder, besides, how many high school students would get much out of Plato and Thucydides. The question despairingly raised by Rostovtzeff, at the conclusion of his study of the decay of Roman culture, remains unanswered: Can any culture survive the dilution involved in its extension to the masses?

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Again, when Mr. Zimmern particularizes, careful discrimination between fact and innuendo would make his argument more trustworthy. Certainly he has plenty of fact to support it. Modern universities need libraries and laboratories; rich men, or legislatures, must provide them; and sometimes those who have paid for the tools want to have something to say about the uses to which they are put. (Legislatures especially.) The Grievance Committee, or whatever it is called, of the American Association of University Professors could cite plenty of instances; and it is of America that Mr. Zimmern seems to be chiefly thinking. It is not very hard to guess what two nations he has in mind in the following:

> In some countries where intellectual standards are still maintained, academic administrators tend to be unsuccessful, so that teachers and thinkers are living in chronic embarrassment and even squalor; whilst in others, where the canons of the spirit are held of less account, the authorities have frankly adopted business methods and standards, and preserve the semblance of a university at the cost of its reality. When such is the case, Crœsus does not require to command. It is enough for him to whisper.

As a statement of fact, this is incontrovertible; given such and such premises, such and such conclusions inevitably follow. But the language carries an inference that is wholly misleading. Virtually all American universities use business methods in the management of their finances, something that is, or used to be, rare in England. But business methods and business standards are very different. Harvard, Columbia, and Chicago are rich universities, they try not to waste their money; therefore, by Zimmern's innuendo, they are subservient to the whispers of a corrupt plutocracy. That may not be his intention, but it is the meaning his language carries; and it is not true. He could find plenty of evidence to support his argument without a generalization that destroys confidence in his judgment. *Non tali auxilio.*

* * *

When he attacks such subsidizing of text books and teachers as the utility interests have engaged in, he is on surer ground; but in his criticism of journalism he goes back to vaguely devastating generalizations of the every-schoolboy-knows order. The result is more half-truths. With a magnanimous gesture he pardons the working newspapermen who, when the paper changes owners and opinions, "for the sake of their wives and families drive their pens against their convictions." They are committing the sin against the Holy Ghost, but it is the system that is at fault; these poor wretches are only its victims.

> The mistake is in allowing the public to believe that a profession which in the nineteenth century aspired to the intellectual influence of the preacher and the professor is still endeavoring to live up to the same responsibilities.

If Mr. Zimmern will study the most respected newspapers of the nineteenth century, he will discover that most of them, not only in their editorials but in their news columns, were quite as bigoted, dogmatic, and unfair as most of the preachers and some of the professors of that not entirely golden age. With all allowance for certain deplorable modern tendencies, the general standard of accuracy and fairness in reporting news is probably higher today than it ever was in the past. People who deny that have not done much reading in the newspapers of earlier times. The chief enemy of journalism at present is not Crœsus but the man in the street; metropolitan papers must interest a great many people to pay their way. It costs millions to start them and keep them going; if Mr. Zimmern can think of any method to get us back to the day when any gifted editor could start a paper on a shoestring, he will confer a benefit on journalists and journalism. But he only confuses the issue by implying that nothing but the individual malignity of rich men is to blame.

The trouble (so it seems to this reviewer) is that Zimmern has completely misconceived, or at any rate completely misstated, the problem. It was stated more effectively, because more coolly and exactly by James Truslow Adams, in the July *Harper's*. What gives Crœsus his power? Not the minor causes mentioned by Zimmern, but the fact that Crœsus has won general admiration by attaining, in conspicuous quantity, what most people want. (Why they want it is another and not wholly irrelevant matter.) That is to say the real enemy of the intellect and the intellectuals is not Crœsus but Mammon; not the wicked conspiracies of certain rich men, but the materialistic standards of an age in which, for the first time, material comfort is within the reach of all. And most people want it, even if they happen to be intellectuals by temper and vocation. The curse of modern literature, said a magazine editor to me not so long ago, is that an author wants to live like a business man—buy his wife a car and a fur coat, send his children to a decent school; whereas in the great days of letters an author counted himself lucky to escape starvation. But it would be easy to name certain very good authors who do their best work for Mr. George Horace Lorimer, with the prejudices and preferences of his three million readers constantly in mind—far better work than they turn out, in the intervals, merely to please themselves.

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That argument cannot be pressed too far; I believe it is valid for most fiction writers in this present and somewhat peculiar age, but it certainly is not true for intellectuals in general. They can get on, and get the world on, only by seeing and saying what seems right to them, without any consideration of the will of Crœsus or— a more serious danger, I think—of the *ardor civium falsa jubentium.* An eminent scholar, let us say, reaches some conclusions on a matter of popular interest. If he is rigidly conscientious in his thinking the chances are they will be conclusions needing some qualification, not black-and-white but gray. He can state them with scrupulous exactitude in a scientific periodical, where they may be read by two or three thousand people, most of them experts in his line who will disagree with him out of mere professional jealousy; and he will be paid twenty-five dollars, three months after publication.

But he knows that if he "popularizes" his conclusions—that is to say, if he paints them up, shades the truth a little, states as fact something that may be only dubious inference—he will make his argument interesting to two or three million people; in which case he can sell it to a popular magazine and get twenty-five hundred dollars a week after acceptance. If he does that, Zimmern would call it a martyrdom of truth, and rightly. But is that the fault of Crœsus? I have a considerable acquaintance among magazine editors, and I have not found them men who wilfully corrupt their contributors. To interest two or three million people one must usually make broad statements, without qualification. For such statements the magazine editor offers a market; he leaves it to the intellectual to decide whether such statements can truthfully be made. If the intellectual makes them untruthfully in order to get the money, whose is the fault? The doctrine of free will has gone out of fashion; but I am antique enough to think that not Crœsus but the intellectual is to blame.

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Mr. Zimmern, I take it, would disagree. The implication of his whole argument is that morality is only a problem in physics, whose outcome can be determined by a calculation of forces. Let Crœsus only tempt Solon with enough money, and Solon will certainly fall. He admits exceptions, implying that he himself has fought with the beasts at Ephesus and come out victorious, as doubtless he has. But he does not seem to have much hope that the average intellectual will refuse to sell his soul for money whenever he gets an attractive offer.

If things are as bad as that I cannot see much hope in his scheme for a coöperation of modern Solons against Crœsus. All it would amount to, if his implications are accepted, is One Big Union of intellectuals for the purpose of taking control of the shop away from Crœsus. I am not versed in syndicalist philosophy, but I doubt if that would save the world, though it might mean more money for

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intellectuals. The trouble is not outside but inside; not so much the fact that Crœsus puts money first as that the intellectual is in danger of doing the same thing. Plans for intellectual coöperation are excellent as far as they go, but they are likely to strike some snags for which Crœsus is not to blame. The Athenian intellectuals (outside his own group) did not rally to the defense of Socrates. Why? Because they thought Socrates was wrong; that is, from their point of view he was not an intellectual. How many of the experts on the war guilt question (to select a particularly controversial case) would defend to the death the right of those who disagree with them to express their views?

Leaving that aside, the real problem is a materialism that runs from the top to the bottom of society; the man who will save us is the intellectual who stands for the truth as he sees it, even if it is not particularly exciting or profitable, rather than infuse it with misleading innuendo in order to buy a new car with the proceeds of a magazine article or a series of lectures. I believe there are more of such men and women than Mr. Zimmern's argument would admit, and I believe he does them a disservice (even though in his case there is no suspicion of a commercial motive) by mislaying the burden. Against Crœsus Solon wins his fair share of victories, even today, but Mammon is a more dangerous antagonist. Mr. Zimmern follows the logic of the prohibitionists in arguing that we must abolish temptation; others may feel that the right way to go about it is by stiffening the will and enlightening the conscience of those who are likely to be tempted. Unless Solon himself puts truth first, how can he expect to change the ways of Crœsus?

Overdue Justice

ANDREW JOHNSON. A Study in Courage. By Lloyd Paul Stryker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by William MacDonald

THE underlying reason for the revival of interest in Andrew Johnson, as illustrated by Judge Robert W. Winston's biography of Johnson published last year and by the present work of Mr. Stryker, is the recognition by historians, and presumably by so much of the intelligent reading public as is interested in the history of American politics, that Johnson's reconstruction policy was essentially constitutional and politically generous and sound, while that of the Republicans who controlled Congress was flagrantly unconstitutional, vindictive, and politically vicious. It has taken more than a generation to reach that conclusion; and now that Johnson, elevated to chief place in the controversy by the importance of his office and the obloquy that was heaped upon him, is in the way of receiving a justice long overdue, the time seems opportune for a rewriting of the whole history of the reconstruction period.

Johnson inherited Lincoln's plan of reconstruction. The full implications of Lincoln's plan had not been developed when Lincoln was assassinated, but its main outlines were clear. Lincoln did not propose to force Negro suffrage upon the South, nor was he much concerned about the future of the Republican party in that region. He realized that the reorganized State governments, if the bitterness of secession and war were to disappear, must be built upon the old white electorate, purged of disloyalty by the imposition of an oath which he framed in simple and generous terms, and bound to accept the wartime acts of Congress and the proclamations of the President regarding slavery. What the political or social status of the Negro should be in the new era, he would let the reorganized State governments themselves decide, with only the obvious reservation that slavery, to which the Emancipation Proclamation had given the death-blow and which the pending Thirteenth Amendment would legally abolish, would become a thing of the past. So eager, in fact, was Lincoln to see normal conditions restored that he was willing to recognize and support any State government to which voters as few in number as ten per cent of the electorate in 1860 might rally under the conditions which he announced.

Perhaps Lincoln was too hopeful. It is possible that he erred by exaggerating the constitutional share of the Executive in reconstruction. But to the radicals in Congress, bent upon insuring Republican supremacy in the South by crushing the old white electorate and giving the ballot at once to the ignorant, backward, and socially helpless Negroes, Lincoln's plan was anathema, and it was upon Johnson's head that the storm broke. By a long series of statutes few of which bear the test of constitutionality, the Republicans undertook a drastic reconstruction of the white electorate, made the Negro a party to the very process which was to give him political power, fastened upon the South a military control which was to continue until every State had submitted, and made the restoration of a State to representation in Congress, even after every statutory condition had been complied with, dependent upon the affirmative vote of Congress. When Johnson, in a succession of able messages, vetoed the reconstruction acts, the acts were promptly passed over the veto; when, notwithstanding his acceptance of accomplished fact in putting the acts into operation, his obstructive power was still feared, his constitutional rights of appointment and removal were infringed and his command of the army invaded; and when, with the bitter struggle still in progress, he continued to reiterate his constitutional dissent, an all but successful attempt was made to remove him from office by impeaching him of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Johnson himself, in some important respects, was ill-equipped for such a fight, and his own conduct was not blameless. He was a "poor white," of coarse fibre, and by nature and circumstances hostile to the slaveholding class. His zeal for the Union was matched by his hatred of secession, he did not know very well how to be conciliatory, and his speeches in the Congressional campaign of 1866 were besmirched with scandalous passages. Where Lincoln, with a slowly growing popularity, might have succeeded in avoiding an open rupture, Johnson's fate

Thaddens Stevens and John A. Bingham Before the Senate at the Impeachment of Johnson.

was sealed in advance, and no amount of exposition of the Constitution or recognition of the inevitableness of white supremacy in a reconstructed South availed to temper the enmity of the radical Congress. The one bright spot in his presidency is his acquittal in the impeachment trial. The margin was narrow —a single vote determined the result—but some shred of honor for the country was saved.

It is this political and constitutional aspect of Johnson's career to which Mr. Stryker, in contrast to Judge Winston, gives particular attention, although at other points the story of Johnson's life is painstakingly and fully told. Mr. Stryker is no impartial critic. He sees Johnson as a hero, and his hostility to the Republican leaders and their policy is open and unrestrained. The book is a bit amateurish in form and often needlessly sarcastic in manner, but it nevertheless deserves a hearty welcome because of the solid and truthful substance which it contains.

A beginning has been made of the publication of French diplomatic documents relative to the origin of the World War which was decided upon last year. Three series, covering the years from the Treaty of Frankfort until August 4, 1914, are being prepared. The first volume of the last period, which will be the most interesting to the public, has recently been issued by the publishers, Alfred Costes and L'Europe Nouvelle.

This first volume of the third series covers the period from November 4, 1911, to February 7, 1912. Six hundred and thirty-one of the most important diplomatic communications between the French Ambassadors abroad and the Quai d'Orsay, with some other documents of importance and copies of letters and communications from foreign States, have been selected by a commission of historians, diplomats, and members of the French Institute.

The Future of Israel

FRONTIERS OF HOPE. By Horace Kallen. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by Norah Meade.

DR. KALLEN takes us here on a tour of three lands that, in his opinion, constitute the frontiers of Jewish hope—Palestine, Poland, and Russia. He describes the landscape, in which, in each case, his people are set; their historical relation to it; the problems they have faced on it in the past and those they must face in the future. He shows us the contemporary social and economic pattern, into which they must fit, if they would thrive; the handicaps they inherit and those thrust on them by the new politics and old prejudices of their present-day rulers. Against this chaos we get the constructive, enlightened, loving, and patient labor of the great American Jewish philanthropists, the men of the American *noblesse* whose generosity is their acknowledgment of the obligations entailed by their financial grandeur.

As the jacket on the book informs us, we get, then, the full benefit of Dr. Kallen's gifts as historian, philosopher, psychologist, sociologist—not to mention travel guide. It is a tribute to his powers as a writer that we also get an integrated and not too erudite whole. We do suffer somewhat from his powers as a linguist, and wish that he or his publishers had supplied a glossary—and an index. But the whole is a fascinating, provocative bit of work that has the quality of an intricate Oriental embroidery, so intricate and closely woven that often it is hard to remember there is plain cloth underneath. Sometimes, indeed, the cloth seems to have been cut away in the interest of the embroidery, and sometimes so blinding is the color and so involved the design that one almost wishes Dr. Kallen would emulate Biron and express himself in more "russet yeas and honest kersey noes." But, though he often leaves us guessing as to what he really thinks about his own people's behavior and ultimate fate in their different habitats, he leaves us quite clear, when he indulges in a good "hate." We have no doubt about his opinion of the Polish "pan" (not the god but a nobleman), and very little concerning the working of the British protectorate in Palestine, to which Balfour ui wrote his name—but not his devotion to the En

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The main theme of the book is the Jews' position in these countries, in two of which they are trying to get a foothold on the bare, brown earth. In Palestine, as all familiar with Zionism know, they aim to establish that homeland of which every Hebrew has ever dreamt. As Dr. Kallen points out, Palestine has always been Israel's "more by desire than possession." Whether they will make it theirs in fact now, he thinks, depends not so much on the British Mandate whose help is benevolently negative as on the American Jews whose aid is patiently practical. Of the people nominally in charge of this back-to-the-land movement, he writes:

> The Jewish homeland requires to be made with hands, and to the making of anything with hands, except gestures, the Zionist tradition has been ineffably tangent.

But there is faith, hope, and endurance among some at least of the colonists, and Dr. Kallen is not pessimistic—exactly—about Palestine. He is—rather —about Poland. He shows us how before the war the Jews had won their place in Poland, where "their functions were their powers." Politically without rights, they were actually accepted as artisans and traders. Now, politically equal—on paper—to the Poles, they are practically worse off than ever in their history.

> They worked, (he says) in a living network of mutual dependencies—dependencies of credit in buying and selling, dependencies for raw materials, dependencies for markets. This network the war destroyed.

The credit is being restored by the Central Bank for Jewish Coöperatives, organized by Herbert Lehman, but there remains the problem of markets. Russia is Poland's natural customer, and the Jews had made her one before the war, but how much interest has proletarian Russia, herself hopeful of credit, in a gentleman-governed Poland, living on borrowed cash?

In Russia itself Dr. Kallen seems to see more hope for the ultimate establishment of a Jewish home. To be sure, he says the nucleus must be the area around Kherson, and recent news says that the Soviet has assigned an area in Siberia. Still there is the concrete work of the Agrojoint, that creation of

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Dr. Rosen, which is putting Jews willy-nilly on the land. The Russian Jews must, of course, abandon their old rôle of middlemen, which automatically makes them *déclassé* in a republic of workers and peasants. They must find their place in factory and field, and the Agrojoint with Soviet encouragement is putting them in the field. But some still long, even after a Russian agricultural apprenticeship, for Palestine, for the Jew "whom a dream hath possessed knoweth" apparently forever "of roaming." The trouble is that he roams even from Palestine, an agricultural life in which, Dr. Kallen says, has always been his "compensatory ideal."

"Each man under his own vine and fig tree"—that has been the Jewish dream, and Dr. Kallen seems to think that the Jew's happiness and safety lies in its ultimate realization. He seems to believe that the race that gave Trotsky to the new politics; Einstein to the new physics; Baron Reading, Viceroy of India, to the present British Empire, and Julius Rosenwald to the new American merchant *noblesse*, must prove its inheritance of the earth by "digging in" in one corner of it. And its hope of that corner apparently depends on the generosity of the American philanthropists—who remain in America.

To save the individual Jew, and, by saving the individual Jew to hold fast, to validate the integrity of Israel (he declares) is the task of the fortunate Jewry of America, whose nationality is already a ghost that passes.

Why is that ghost passing? Dr. Kallen does not discuss the question, so we must look to Spengler for a possible answer.

"In the moment when the civilized methods of the European-American world-cities shall have arrived," writes Spengler, "at full maturity the destiny of Jewry . . . will be accomplished."

Spengler believes that the Jew, the "non-territorial and geographically unlimited" Magian, the cynical, intelligent "money-thinker," was always out of step with the Faustian Westerner—because he was a step in advance. Americans have caught up with him in "money-thinking," and Russians seem to have some conception of a citizen who is at once "geographically unlimited" and racially unassimilable, which is precisely what the Jew has always been. If, then, as Spengler believes, the Faustian Western is on the decline, isn't it possible that the Magian Jew is at last coming into his own—which is much more than one corner of the globe?

Mystery in South America

THE COURTS OF THE MORNING. By JOHN BUCHAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929.

THERE are two John Buchans. One is a writer of romances, the other a military historian and intelligence officer; and they have both collaborated on the writing of this book where either one, alone, would have been likely to do a job more satisfactory to the reader.

Mr. Buchan sets out with a mystery, set against a background of international politics and international feeling which should be of peculiar interest to Americans, since the underlying condition is the resentment of American predominance and American manners, felt in South America and England. Mr. Buchan is a pro-American Briton but he knows our weaknesses and he knows what other people do not like about us, things that citizens of this republic ought to understand. This resentment focuses, for the purpose of his story, in a South American republic called Olifa, which may be roughly equated with Chile, varied by dashes of the Argentine and Peru. Not the ordinary South American republic of fiction; this one, as described by one of its citizens, is "a typical bourgeois republic, as bourgeois as the United States. We do not worry about liberty, for we have learned that wealth is a better and less troublesome thing. . . . Olifa is a well nourished body without a soul. We have a stable government because our people have lost interest in being governed."

But this prosperity of the Oliferos comes from the great copper mines in the district known as the Gran Seco, operated and controlled by foreigners working under the direction of an Austrian named Castor who, it presently turns out, is badly afflicted with the superman complex. A man of tremendous intellect and atrophied emotions, he hates the waste and ineffectuality of democracy, despises the rigid dogmatism of the Communists, and works steadily and secretly for an international overthrow which shall somehow put the world under Castor's thumb. As tools in this nefarious endeavor he has an assortment of broken or discredited men from all over the world whom he controls by a magic drug, astura, as the Old Man of the Mountain controlled his Assassins with carefully timed and measured doses of hashish.

The gradual detection of this mysterious conspiracy by a group of Scots and Americans makes excellent reading; but as in nine mystery stories out of ten, the unraveling falls below the standard set by the knitting of the complication. The principal factor in the defeat of Castor's schemes is a revolution where Buchan, the military historian, lets himself go, in a narrative of quite appalling length and complexity—all the worse since the long and involved military operations all come to the reader at second hand, as learned by one or another group of people at a distance. There is much delightful description of Andean scenery, and no doubt much accurate description of up-to-the-minute military tactics; but for the taste of this reviewer, at least, it is too roundabout and there is too much of it. Much of value can be learned from the story about the foreign view of America in the abstract, and individual Americans abroad; but this salutary information would reach more people if the latter half of the book had been condensed into a couple of chapters of direct action. It may be regretted, too, that Mr. Buchan, who shows so clear a comprehension of the strength and weakness of America and Americans, should make his American characters speak, as a rule, in the traditional American language of British fiction—such a dialect as the descendants of Nathaniel Bumpo might have evolved after three or four generations of isolation on a desert island.

Animated Map

COMPASS ROSE. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $1.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MISS COATSWORTH'S poetry has, as her title suggests, something of the mixture of accuracy and fancy, of explicit direction and charming vagueness of the old animated maps. Here are the fabulous Bermosthes, stuffed with trade winds, the floating islands of a cartographer's dream; here East and West (an illustrious balladist to the contrary) do meet, here North and South are bound together and bordered with a frieze of unicorns, laplanders, narwahls, Navajos, and all the fauna and flora of this perceiving world.

Miss Coatsworth, as a rhyming explorer, must be numbered among the more observant mariners. She is one for whom the fact is but the beginning of the story; to observation she adds imagination and so brings home an unusually colorful report. She sees rain-gods in every Indian, the leopards of Bacchus in the staid apartments of the Pincio, Marie Antoinette's silver milking-pail in the barnyards of Wiscasset, blood-red grain in the furrows of Job's unicorn, the metaphysical songs of three seeds in a macaw's beak. Witness the poems entitled "The Vanished Black City of Benin," "Nantucket," "Tranquillity Grove." "The Lost Children of Deerfield," "The Windmill Addresses Don Quixote." Or, evoking an even less realistic territory, observe "Goldilocks in the Ogre's Castle" with its delightful opening:

> I, guest to ogres, naturally understand
> An ogre's castle must be built on bones
> However mortised. There can be no smoke
> From homesteads rising on a demon's land.
> The servants have a way of snuffing out,
> And sometimes I have heard when all alone
> A sighing from the pillars, a mural groan.

This is not to say Miss Coatsworth's is a mere whimsical distortion of actuality, that she tours strange provinces with quaintness aforethought and whimsy prepense. On the contrary. Something which must be termed "atmosphere" gives authenticity to her peregrinations; an experienced mind is ready to accompany—and discipline—a traveled heart. Miss Coatsworth is no versifying Baedeker; she shares herself with the scene, with (she demands the alliteration) sailors, snakes, and sea-gulls. She has, to echo the song, been places and done things.

Not that her level is always serene. She falters just when she is about to attain the height. "Pietà" illustrates her limitations in its very approach to greatness—and its failure to achieve it. Here, as in one or two other poems, Miss Coatsworth announces a theme of prime significance, a theme calling for masterful treatment; unable to develop the *motif*, it remains the plan of a poem rather than the fully rounded work. Again in "In the Woods," she begins a new treatment of the Nativity, a Franciscan evocation *con sordina* with curious overtones. But in the middle of it she changes her effects, shifts her accents, abandons the legato rhythm for a short beat, and what started as a *Mysterium* ends by being just another Christmas card.

When Miss Coatsworth is least ambitious she is most successful. Her purely imaginative ballads are pointed and persuasive; her practised hands strike the notes squarely, running bright scales with ease and something like brilliance. She sounds the macabre in "The Girl on the Wood Farm," the ironically braggart in "Announcement," the muffled heroic in "Daniel Webster's Horses." But it is in the animal poems that she is happiest and, I suspect, most herself. "Compass Rose" would be worth half again its price if it contained only "Calling in the Cat," "To a Black Dog, Bereaved," "The Old Mare," "The Bad Kittens," "The Barn," "The Seagull," "The Mouse." It is these poems, with their blend of humor, pity, and faint satire, that distinguish her; unreserved in her love of colts and kittens, her cats are almost as convincing as Peggy Bacon's, to whose delineations her own bear a New England resemblance. The message of condolence, for example, to a mourning dog carries this grave stanza:

> Oh, you may stand, eyes shining, one paw lifted;
> Tense to the ultimate hair.
> Your expectation is but effort wasted:
> She is not there.

And, discarding whimsicality, "The Old Mare" (possibly the finest poem in the volume) has this coda:

> The mule colt lay
> In trampled grass,
> Slick-eared, long-tailed,
> Bespeaking the ass,
> Carried so long in her body,
> Born in travail and sweat.
> Alien, alas!
>
> But staggering
> To unsteady feet
> The mule-colt fumbles
> An unknown teat—
> And suddenly the old mare accepts the inevitable,
> Finding any motherhood
> Most sweet.

It is these poems which the reader is likely to turn back to. And it is these—and the ballads—which will make him look forward to more of Miss Coatsworth. I think he will not have to wait too long.

In the recent death of Henry Blake Fuller America lost one of her oldest men of letters. Mr. Fuller was born in Chicago on January 18, 1857, and was living in that city at the time of his death. His first novel was "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," published in 1891. Since this book was published he had written a number of other novels, short stories, poems, and dramatic sketches. The most widely read of Fuller's novels was the "Cliff Dwellers." "With the Procession," another of his early books, is a history of the progress of Chicago. He also wrote a volume of poems, "Lines Long and Short," and a series of dramatic sketches, "The Puppet Booth." A posthumous novel, "Gardens of This World," will be published this fall.

Mr. Fuller was associated in the management of the *Poetry Magazine* of Chicago. Of recent years he had been a frequent contributor to the *New Republic*.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Bowling Green

N. S. N. S.

ONE of the pleasantest ways to pass an evening would be the composition of a prospectus for the N. S. N. S. The N. S. N. S. is an old and favorite project of my own, which recurs to me with great force just now because only this afternoon I discovered that an old farmhouse, on one of Long Island's handsomest and least known harbors, would be available for the purpose. Of the charms of that old grange, with its huge red barn and its lonely purview over grassy tidal estuary and sandy cliffs, I shall not speak. It has a rich Biblical aroma in the name of its harbor; it throbs with crickets in these warm evenings. But all that is irrelevant, and anyhow I should want it to remain uneasy of access.

But there can be no ill in mentioning the notion of the N. S. N. S., which means the North Shore Night School. It is my dearest and perhaps most selfish dream.

If my own case is any criterion, I find that from about the age of 35 onward people supposedly grown-up begin to have a real hankering to go to school. By that time they have begun to be aware of their dangerous ignorance in most of the things that really matter; and also, if they are the right sort of people, they have had a good many of their prejudices knocked out of them. They have learned enough of the decencies of social intercourse to make them agreeable companions; and they know that Time is on the march. And in their own particular line of work, whatever it may be, they have learned enough to have useful experience to impart.

The idea, then, is to gather together, for a definite and concerted attack upon the secrets of life, a community of those aspiring and mutually entertaining ignoramuses. None, unless singularly precocious, should be younger than 30; none, unless preternaturally virid, should be older than 60. For it is within the gamut of those thirty years, one may rationally maintain, that most human animals reach their widest range of mirth and possibility.

I am sorry to have to add that the membership of this academy would be admitted only on somewhat stringent principles. In the first place it would be my idea that the fees must be pretty stiff, for the regime and exquisite simplicity of the establishment would come high. And a strenuous oath would have to be sworn that all classroom procedures would be entirely confidential outside the school campus. For the prime requisite of success would be a complete candor. It would be necessary for the scholars to lay aside those agreeable hypocrisies that make social life possible, and speak with full honesty of their own experiences and opinions. Only so would it be possible to reach any conclusions as to the motives that really govern men and women in their careers and metaphysics. The attempt of a group of intelligent and personable citizens to discover among themselves what they really do think about it all, under guarantee that anything said would never be used against them, surely would deserve encouragement.

But this sounds a bit sombre. (In fact, of course, it would be incredibly entertaining. Nothing Boswell nor Casanova ever wrote could conceivably be more amusing.) The core of the matter is that it seems a pity there is such ineffective intercommunication among human beings during that period of their lives when they are most active and still have some chance of improving their ideas. Under present conditions men and women are so incredibly immersed in the job of earning a living and raising a family, (or, in wealthier circles, in the job of trying to avert boredom) that they rarely exchange any sincere and leisurely speculations on the things that most genuinely concern them.

And another thing: the lamentable fact is that only the smallest percentage of people have really any idea of Fun. They have forgotten, or never knew, how to have a Good Time. The almost inconceivable overplus of tippling caused by Prohibition is an odd evidence of this.

Now in the North Shore Night School it would not be necessary, except for very special seminar courses, to employ high-priced experts on the faculty. The whole point of the thing would be that every member would undertake to conduct courses in the subjects he (or she) understood best. If you ask me what kind of studies we would undertake let me set down some of the topics in which I myself should desire instruction. I should enroll at once in any available courses dealing with Small Boat Sailing, Folk Dancing, Elementary Piano Playing, Comparative Religions, Algebra, Domestic Mechanics (including the principles of Plumbing and the Internal Combustion Engine), Electricity, Gardening, French Vintages, and Municipal Politics.

Perhaps you will remark that many of these subjects are offered in extension courses, summer schools, etc.; but under the cheerful conditions of the N. S. N. S. they would be ensued in the true Socratic spirit of inquisitive frolic. Life at its best should be almost a continuous picnic or Platonic supper party. It is indeed a kind of beach party, on the edge of a very large ocean indeed. Among the kinspits of the North Shore school spiritual improvement would proceed not so much by formal instruction as by swapping of anecdotes. There would be much inordinate hilarity, but also there would be a remarkable infusion of loveliness. The motives and impulses that actuate people are often much finer than is commonly imagined; almost everyone wants to live life beautifully and generously; and the ambition of the school would be to encourage an opportunity of discovering how much of Milton and Shelley and John Donne and Thomas Edison there is in almost everybody if given a fair chance to express themselves.

The deep desire in everyone to find out about things is too little cherished. Whenever a book appears that appeals, even crudely, to that instinct, it is always a Best Seller. For most of us, our schooling is in large measure wasted because it came when we were not ripe for it. The N. S. N. S. would try to remind people that the analytical geometry and French grammar we neglected in youth are really thrilling and fascinating, and are an integral part of life. Think what larks a group of grown people could have in studying Chaucer together, and taking up Latin.

It is the oldest dream on earth, the vision of an ideal community. To make it really successful it would have to be undertaken not as a grave affair but as a huge junket; and it shouldn't meet too often. I suppose it won't happen; but anyhow some day I shall sit down and write out that Prospectus.

One of the most interesting courses would be devoted to helping Rich People to spend their jack in really imaginative and creative ways. Have you ever thought how much could be accomplished by an Association for the Improvement of the Conditions of the Rich?

The N. S. N. S. would be an art school, for investigation of the art of living.

* * *

The latest development of the Parnassus on Wheels idea is a trolley-car library in Munich. It is described as follows in the *Journal de Genève*:

Une innovation intéressante a été réalisée par la ville de Munich: le tramway-bibliothèque qui dessert deux quartiers par jour et prête 400 à 500 volumes pendant une durée de service de trois heures. C'est une grande voiture de 10 m. de long, sorte de wagon-restaurant où la pàture n'est qu'intellectuelle, qui contient 2400 volumes, une salle de prêt où peuvent tenir dix à douze personnes, une armoire-vestiaire et une armoire-lavabo. Cette organisation de bibliothèque circulante et la voiture elle-même ont été conçues par l'inspecteur des bibliothèques de la ville de Munich.

* * *

It is a pleasure to hear from the McDevitt-Wilson bookshop (in the Hudson Terminal building) that the Green's allusion to their two copies of "The Grinder's Wheel" (a volume of short stories by Morley Roberts (no relation) resulted in Action.

Ralph Wilson writes in excellent spirits:

By careful comparison we find that not only are the adv. rates in the Bowling Green most satisfactory but the pulling strength of the Saturday Review is away and beyond any other metropolitan paper. The 2 copies of Grinder's Wheel faded out at once, and we have booked orders for 15 more. Here and there in the shop we have a few books which we feel sure are only awaiting publicity by some literary expert and we are wondering what sort of contract we could agree on to move this stock?

* * *

There are those who still remember Bloodgood H. Cutter, "the Long Island Farmer" alluded to in Innocents Abroad. Rev. E. L. Sanford writes from Christ Church Rectory, Bordentown, N. J.:

Mark Twain frequently referred to Cutter as The Poet Lariat, owing to his ability in buttonholing people. The efforts made by the passengers to elude him and the tricks by which he forced himself into notice were extremely funny. Mr. Cutter used to read the book to me and interpolate his own version of each episode. As I was rector of the Little Neck church of which he was a member, I often had cause to feel sympathy with Mark Twain and his fellow sufferers.

* * *

John Galt's Annals of the Parish is not quite so forgotten as I had imagined. Frederick Niven (to whom I apologize for long non-acknowledgment of his delightful letters) writes from Nelson, B. C. that he has the Macmillan edition. And several clients remark that the book is in the *Everyman Library*. It is always rash to make allusions to the scarcity of books without looking up the list of Everyman titles. A copy of that list (you can get it from Dutton, 286 Fourth Ave.) is a good thing to keep on the shelf.

One more excitement: the Oxford University Press has published a pocket translation of the Koran.

* * *

I wonder if anyone else, during the recent prison riots, has thought of that line of Robert Frost's that has kept moving in my head—"Something there is that does not love a wall."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Mrs. Greeley's Tragedy

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"YOUNG Mrs. Greeley" is far the slightest of Mr. Tarkington's feminine portraits. The folly of an entirely idle, silly, half-educated little woman who believes that her husband's promotion is due to her own irresistible fascination for his employer, only to find at their first real meeting that she has deceived herself, is material for a short story, but to cover two hundred pages it must be spread very thin. Mrs. Greeley is really too empty to repay the trouble taken with her.

The chief interest of "Young Mrs. Greeley" lies in the fact that it shows Mr. Tarkington appa
feeling some stirrings of doubt that a business
the noblest work of God, a conviction which seems until now to have been growing on him. In "The Turmoil" the hero only compromised with Mammon; but in "The Plutocrat" the real hero was the man who knew nothing and wanted to know nothing but material success, and so naturally comprehended those less admirable of the ancient Romans who worshipped material success likewise. Now from "Young Mrs. Greeley" it seems that there are after all other things to be known, for Mrs. Greeley's little tragedy comes because she can no more talk music or art than the Plutocrat himself.

Yet early habit is so strong upon Mr. Tarkington that when he wishes to make a man of culture admirable he cannot. The conversation of his intellectual aristocracy is at once so platitudinous and so pretentious that they cannot decide that tastes differ without dragging in, not only Velasquez, but El Greco, Goya, and Matisse, Bach, Brahms, and Rouget de Lisle. Indeed, the talk of his brilliant salon might be substituted for the affectation by which his absurd Laurence Clyde tries to impress Mme. de Momoro, with no less of satiric effect. If these are Mr. Tarkington's conceptions of intelligent, well-bred men and women, one can for the first time understand his affection for the elder Sheridans and the Plutocrat.

On Tolerance

(*Continued from page 33*)

the conservative, sensational to the careless, and fumbling to the critical. As yet most of the novelists who are portraying their day are reflecting it in fragments, without drawing it into that perspective which makes it part of the pattern of human existence. Yet it is only by so projecting it that what looks on the surface like demoralization can be made to appear a part of that experimental tolerance which the present-day interest in science has engendered. In that very wise and witty book which was reviewed in our columns last week, "They Stooped to Folly," Ellen Glasgow has epitomized the changing outlook of America toward the woman who sympathy wide enough to understand the altering codes of morality is also wide enough to illuminate them. We wish all our novelists based this tolerance on as a firm foundation as she does.

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Books of Special Interest

Art of the Middle Ages

ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL PAINTING. By TANCRED BORENIUS and E. W. TRISTRAM. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company (The Pegasus Press). 1929.

Reviewed by CHANDLER R. POST
Harvard University

THE publication of this book is one of many signs that have recently pointed to the beginning of an enlightened interest in English art of the Middle Ages and to an appreciation of its vital significance in the panorama of European medieval art in general. The Saxon, Norman, and Gothic architecture of England has perhaps attracted the notice of true scholars for a longer period; but it is only within the last twenty-five years that the study of English medieval sculpture and painting has passed from the hands of mere antiquarians into the broader and more intelligent grasp of trained archæologists and scientific critics, and that these two major English arts have emerged from consideration as a purely insular phenomenon into recognition as an integral part of the whole European evolution.

Both processes have been attended with glory for England: not only is the country now proved to have been a giver as well as a receiver of artistic influences in the Middle Ages, but, much more important, the quality of her esthetic performance needs to fear nothing from a comparison with the best that the continent produced. It was in the minor arts, especially in the sphere of Anglo-Saxon illumination, that England was first restored to her proper place. The ivories have finally obtained in 1926 a full and satisfactory treatment in a book by Miss Longhurst of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The light that the Bewcastle and Ruthwell crosses throw upon all pre-Romanesque art is now thoroughly realized, but it was not earlier than 1912 that Prior and Gardner, in their monumental work, laid a solid foundation for the study of the whole course of English medieval sculpture. Monumental medieval painting has been the last of the British arts to come into its own in the world of criticism, and the present book makes available for the first time a comprehensive discussion of the subject in accord with the standards of modern scholarship.

The authors modestly disclaim in the preface any ambitions to an exhaustive treatment, and it is true that in the comparatively short text only the most conspicuous examples of each period and tendency are described at length. The other monuments, however, are catalogued, and within its prescribed limits the book provides the general reader with an adequate and stimulating survey of the field and the specialist with the necessary material on which to base his further investigations. The scope of the work comprises the Romanesque and Gothic periods and carries us from the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but there is also a brief introduction taking up the earlier career of England in miniature-painting. The outlines of the course of English medieval painting and its various meanderings are in almost all instances lucidly traced, but the desire to be strictly scientific, and the fear of falling into the old-fashioned, literary kind of criticism, have misled the authors into such a disregard for style that many passages are loosely or dryly written. The unity of the successive movements on the continent and in England is for the most part clearly expounded, and in the discussion of the interrelationships perhaps even more than a just proportion is revindicated for English contributions to achievements across the Channel.

It is not to be denied that after the earlier medieval period of the Anglo-Saxon miniatures the British Isles continued to exercise a larger influence upon continental art than has been commonly realized; but in certain instances, where the authors discern a Scandinavian indebtedness to England, the part of prudence would be to speak of a parallel development. In view of the general esthetic dictatorship enjoyed by France throughout Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is a precarious procedure even to suggest the phrase "Style of the English Channel" for the sake of championing the theory that England had any material share in the formation of the universal Franco-Gothic manner.

The one phase of English painting that is not defined with sufficient clarity is the participation of the British school in that movement at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century which since the days of Courajod has been described as "international." An understanding of this movement is fundamental to a proper comprehension of the course of European art; but in the brief discussion devoted to it the adjective "international" is only once used and, at that, casually. The characteristics of the movement are not enumerated, and the examples that manifestly illustrate it, such as the paintings on the rood screens of Barton Turf and Ranworth in Norfolk, are not specifically stated to belong to the "international" category. It is partly for this reason that the English developments of the whole fifteenth century are left somewhat obscure, although reference is made to the eventual entrance of the Flemish influence that in the middle and second half of the century overspread all of Europe. In particular, the authors have not approached the problem of analyzing stylistically the frescoes at Pickering which have always proved a puzzle to the writer of this review.

The presence of an ample bibliography does not compensate for the irritating absence of an index. The superb and numerous plates of illustrations, which are so important a feature of the Pegasus publications, are somewhat vitiated in this instance by the considerations that they are very often based on Mr. Tristram's water colors rather than on the originals, and that the cases of such derivation are not each so labelled. One questions whether Mr. Tristram's paintings do not flatter some of the originals; and yet the photographs taken directly from actual frescoes and panels, when they are utilized in the book, and one's own acquaintance with the monuments, demonstrate conclusively the very high quality of British pictorial attainment. The quantity of the extant remains, although less than what Italy, Spain, and perhaps even France have to show us, will probably amaze the reader who has been brought up on the old idea that England is negligible in the sphere of medieval painting; but the technical distinction will come as an even greater surprise. For proof the sceptic may be referred, among many examples, especially to the following monuments stretching over the whole history of the medieval British school: the Romanesque fresco of St. Paul in St. Anselm's chapel of Canterbury Cathedral; the early Gothic frescoes of the Madonna and Child in the episcopal chapel at Chichester and of St. Faith in Westminster Abbey; the retable of Westminster belonging to the same period; the panel-paintings on the sedilia of the Abbey, dating from the first years of the fourteenth century, and the Anglo-Flemish miracles of the Virgin from the late fifteenth century that decorate the walls of Eton Chapel. Although the execution is somewhat inferior, the discussion of such works as the Wheel of Fortune in Rochester Cathedral and the various frescoed illustrations of "Piers Plowman" makes the book significant also for the student of English literature.

American Banking

EPOCHS IN AMERICAN BANKING. By NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON. New York: John Day. 1929. $5.

MR. HOGGSON begins his poular sketch of the development of banking in America by a brief account of the origins of commerce, finance, and the use of money in the colonies, passes in review the history of the first mint, Robert Morris's Bank of North America, and the establishment of a national currency, and goes on to the story of Hamilton's financial work, the first and second Banks of the United States, the later development of the national banking system inaugurated during the Civil War, and the organization of the present Federal Reserve system. Mingled with these chapters are others on wild-cat banking, the rise of trust companies and savings banks, banking in California during the gold rush, the formation of the New York Clearing House and Stock Exchange, and the greenback episode. The book is not intended for specialists, and technical details are avoided, but a good deal of interesting information is offered. The twenty-seven illustrations, a number of them reproductions of contemporary prints, are a commendable feature.

The glory that once was Maya will reveal its ancient splendor in a modern opera soon to be presented in Mexico City. The author is Don Luis Rosado Vego, Yucatcan poet and writer and director of the Museum of History and Archeology in Merida.

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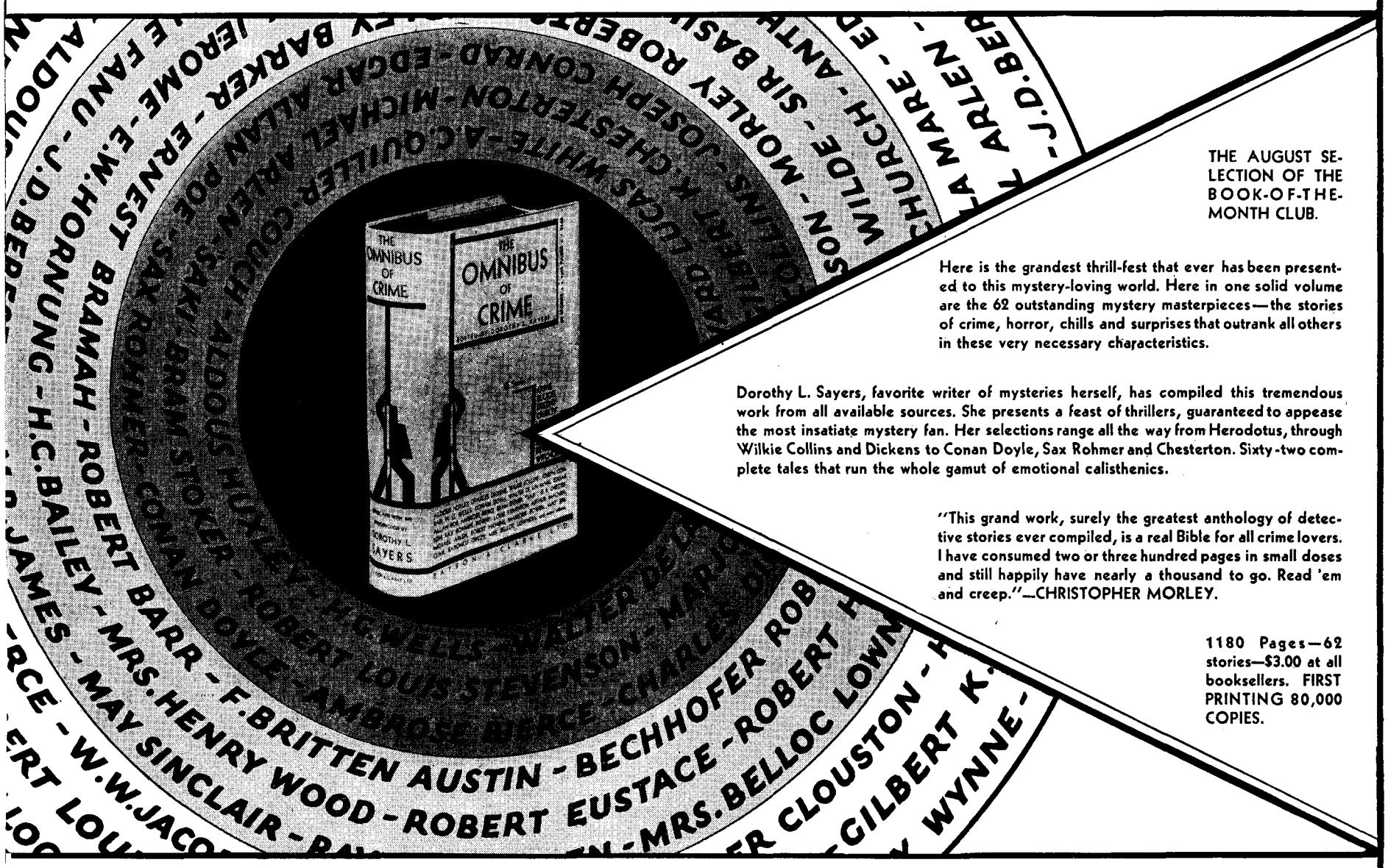

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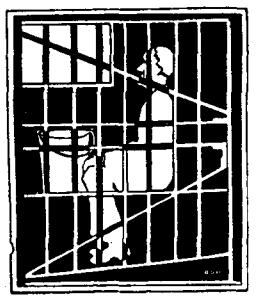

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Foreign Literature

An Austrian Dramatist

SCHAUSPIELE. By MAX MELL. Munich: Verlag der Bremer Presse. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE new tendencies in German and Austrian literature are closely associated with the names of Rainer Maria Rilke and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the first in poetry, the second in drama. In the example set by these two writers many of their younger contemporaries, weary of Expressionist rhetoric and cataclysmic philosophy, have found fresh inspiration, none more, perhaps, than the dramatist whose collected work now lies before us, set in the beautiful distinctive type of the Bremer Presse. Max Mell established his reputation more than a year ago, with the production of his "Nachfolger Christi Spiel" at the Vienna Burgtheater, a play in the manner of the early mystery-plays, whose sincerity and eloquence moved large audiences as few German theatre audiences have been moved in recent years. The school of drama to which Max Mell belongs is not at all new. Hugo von Hofmannsthal may be said to have established it with his adapation of the celebrated English morality, "Everyman," which is constantly played in the theatres of Germany, Austria, and German-speaking Switzerland. The same writer, after the war, gave further impetus to the type of religious drama by adapting the "World-theatre" of Calderon, which was impressively produced by Max Reinhardt at the Salzburg Festspiele—a union of deep religious emotion with true literary art. Max Mell is not an adapter; he has applied his original talent to the creation of plays in the same spirit, but with purely Austrian background and characterization.

The first play in the present volume, "Das Nachfolger Christi Spiel," tells, as its name implies, the story of a man whose fate it was to imitate Christ. He is an Austrian landowner at the time of the close of the Turkish invasion. Almost alone among his neighbors, he has been spared by the invaders, by means of a sword which an Emir once gave him in Palestine. This has caused him to be suspected of treachery, and his envious tenants lend themselves only too willingly to a band of marauders who attack his property and overpower him, just as he had sent his armed guard to accompany his daughters to a sculptor from whom a crucifix had been ordered, to be erected on the mountain-side in token of thanksgiving. The cross is already there, lying in the castle-yard, and the robbers tie the landowner to it, after having beaten him. He is near death, when the imperial troops arrive and beat off the marauders. The commander is about to order their summary execution, when the landowner, from his cross, begs for their life, and compels the acceptance of his magnanimous request by dying at that moment. In such a bare summary the story may appear sentimental and the coincidences rather strained. But both are outweighed by the dignity and vigor of the writing, and the note of true poetry—the play is written in short rhymed lines—which runs through the whole drama.

"Das Apostelspiel" is a much shorter play. It concerns an old peasant and his granddaughter, Magdalena, who reads the New Testament to him. They dwell on the Bible scenes and wish that the disciples might visit them. Two strangers enter, seeking shelter for the night. They are really bad men intent on robbery, but they give themselves the names of Petrus and Johannes. Here, even more than in the first play, the use of coincidence may seem strained and illegitimate, but the poetry redeems all.

The last play is called "Das Schutzengelspiel," and tells the story of a simple peasant-girl, well known for her piety, who has yet shrunk away from a notorious immoral woman in the village. For this lack of charity she is reproved by her guardian-angel, who proposes for her penance that she shall stand in the village-street, and offer herself in marriage to any passer-by. It is the height of shame and humiliation. There is a great deal of tedious dialogue after this, and indeed the play is not so successful as the two preceding. All three plays must be judged by the standards of the dramatic type they follow; they are modern moralities; the spirit of the Chester plays is transported to the Austrian countryside, with all its broad humor and its religious faith. Except for the passage in the last play to which reference has already been made, all three plays seize the reader and impress themselves on his imagination, and one would imagine that they would be most effective on the stage, above all the first. They are the sign of a revival, not of a mere antiquarian literary fashion, but of a spirit in German drama which has long been obscured by the cruder and more violent style of the naturalistic, expressionist, or psycho-analytical play. Max Mell may be regarded as a pioneer of a new school of German drama.

Post-War Concordats

I CONCORDATI POSTBELLICI. By AMEDEO GIANNINI. Milan: Società editrice "Vita e Pensiero." 1929.

THE settlement of the Roman Question by the signature of the Treaty and Concordat of the Lateran has made Papal policy a commonplace of the newspapers. With some readers it may have induced the idea that here was something entirely new in the history of the Papacy and, of course, so far as the Treaty is concerned, this would be correct. Until the rise of United Italy there was no "Roman Question" in the usual acceptance of the term, and the Treaty has removed this from the arena of dispute. The Concordat, however, in spite of certain novel features, is as a whole merely a continuation of that policy of negotiated agreement with governments of predominantly Catholic countries which the Holy See has pursued for centuries, and still pursues. Certain of the clauses of the Lateran Concordat, such, for example, as the oath of loyalty to be taken by the Bishops, are extracted bodily from other concordats, and it would be possible to produce numerous other parallels with the agreements concluded since the war with such almost entirely Catholic countries as Poland, Lithuania, and Bavaria.

This is not the place to make such a parallel study, but the material for it has just been provided by an eminent Italian juridical authority, Dr. Amedeo Giannini, in this convenient and accurate collection of all the concordats and other agreements concluded between the Vatican and governments between the end of the war and the Lateran Treaty. Here we find, in the original texts—French, Italian, Latin, or German—the Bavarian, Polish, and Lithuanian concordats, regulating such matters as the appointment of Bishops, in which the Pope invariably has a free hand subject to certain political consultations which are precisely laid down, the language of religious instruction, where the Vatican is always, one may note, mindful of the rights of the minorities, the juridical recognition of religious orders, and the provision of religious education. Each of these documents, which are most instructive reading, particularly if one remembers that they concern countries of almost exclusive Catholic population, with all kinds of politico-religious problems making concordat relations desirable, are introduced and elucidated by the learned editor. In addition, however, he gives the text of the *modus vivendi,* which put an end to some of the most acute differences which arose between the Vatican and the Czechoslovak Government after the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, also of the agreement by which new conditions were laid down for the rendering of liturgical honors to French representatives in the Near East, and finally the treaty by which the ancient Portuguese privilege of patronage in certain dioceses of India, first Christianized by Portuguese missionaries, was amicably replaced by conditions more in accordance with present-day circumstances.

Apart from all these annotated texts, however, note should be taken of Dr. Giannini's ample introductory chapter, which is an admirable summary of Vatican policy since the accession of the present Pope. He describes this clearly and concisely under nine heads. First among the mainsprings of Papal policy he places the principle of independents; the Church, he says, "*fa da se,*" that is, it wants no protectorates, but will depend on its own authority in Turkey as in China, where foreign patronage has become inadequate to deal with the rise of new nationalisms. He also calls attention to the intensified missionary spirit and the renewal of enthusiasm for the educational mission of the Church, which is taking the form of an ever-increasing number of new seminaries and institutes for the promotion of scholarship in general. Another principle he discerns is that of encouraging the lay-apostolate; hence the various Papal pronouncements on Catholic Action. The book is written and edited by a layman, expert in ecclesiastical history, and it has for the most part the detachment proper to a work of historical scholarship. It should be of interest, and of service, to all serious students of post-war European problems.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ART IN ANCIENT ROME. By EUGÉNIE STRONG. Scribners. 2 vols. 1928.

Lovers of Greek art are inclined to be supercilious about Roman art. The conquerors are constantly portrayed as tasteless and uninspired plunderers of their esthetic superiors. Everything they have is laid to imitation or theft. But this view, is, of course, a calumny. "Art in Ancient Rome" will soon convince the reader, first, that Greek influence was not the only external moulding force and, second that the native Roman elements are by no means negligible. The city contributed not merely the appreciation of great size, but that sense of actuality which makes Roman portraits so distinguished and Roman historical monuments such a joy to the antiquarian.

Since the work begins with prehistoric Italy and ends with the mosaics of Ravenna, the field is of necessity covered rapidly to bring it within the compass of two small volumes. The author's method is to state principles briefly, avoiding controversy so far as possible, and to rely on abundant illustrations of monuments of all kinds to support her conclusions. Moreover each chapter is supplied with an exhaustive bibliography. The effect upon the unprofessional reader is likely to be confusing; there are so many things to keep in mind and the territory as well as the period dealth with is so very extensive. But this is due not to faults of execution, but to the insurmountable difficulties of the plan, and should not be too much regretted in view of the great usefulness of the book to the student, for whom it was intended. Here is a compact but sound and full guide to the whole history of Roman art, with abundant apparatus for more detailed study of any aspect which appeals to the individual reader. Its compilation must have been a severe task, but it will deserve the respect and gratitude of all subsequent scholars in the field.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM STUDIES, Vol. I, part 2. The Metropolitan Museum of Art. 1929.

This second number of Metropolitan Museum Studies, the last for the year, is richer and more varied than the first. The editors are catching their gait. Properly almost everything is for the specialist, but the leading article by Fiske Kimball and Edna Donnell on the creators of the Chippendale style will interest every reader of collector type. Briefly that British adaption of French rococo with which Thomas Chippendale is usually credited was really made by the engraver and ornamentist Lock, in 1840, when Chippendale was hardly grown up. There is a remarkably full bibliography. Of popular appeal too is Mr. Rorimer's description and analysis of a gigantic wood apostle, high Gothic, from the vicinity of Strasbourg. The skilfully composite and international character of the style is clearly traced and illustrated. Christine Alexander describes Wall Paintings of the Third Style from Boscotrecase with admirable color plates. Miss Richter writes on a Roman copy of a Greek cult statue of Ptotesilaos, the first Argive to land and die at Troy. Mr. Beck indentifies an early copy of black miracle Madonna at Le Puy. Josephine M. Lansing treats of a hitherto unknown assistant of the painters Le Nain. M. S. Dimand completes the useful list of Dated Specimens of Mohammedan Art in the Museum, while N. de Garies Davies cautiously attempts to reconstruct the arrangement of the Town House in Ancient Egypt. The printing is admirable and the illustrations abundant and of fine quality. One greets gladly so many good pieces of research, many by novices on the staff.

Belles Lettres

NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK LITERATURE: Second Series. Edited by J. A. POWELL and E. A. BARBER. Oxford University Press. 1929.

In 1921 Messrs. Powell and Barber published a volume on the recent discoveries in Greek poetry and prose of the fourth and following centuries. This convenient summary of the important new material furnished by inscriptions and papyri was so welcome that they have now issued a Second Series, including both material omitted in the first volume and discoveries made since its publication. Thus one chapter deals with Epigrams from the inscriptions discovered since Kaibel's publication in 1878, while others merely supplement the discussions of Callimachus, the lyric writers, and the moralists in the First Series. The Second Series, it must be confessed, has much less to offer in the way of first class literature: many of the "chapters" might with greater accuracy, be entitled "paragraphs," highly valuable to the scholar but not of large significance. But there are three sections of wider interest, though they are very different. The first is Gilbert Murray's characteristic essay on Menander, not adding new evidence but analyzing the great comedian's virtues and limitations; the second, C. C. Edgar's discussion of the Zenon papyri, that invaluable collection of business documents from Egypt of the third century B.C.; the third, J. F. Mountford's fine discussion of Greek music in the papyri and inscriptions. Until we have a new history of Greek literature, both volumes will be indispensable.

Biography

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE COLONEL. By *Annie Fellows Johnston*. Page.

THE LITERARY CAREER OF JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. By *Frederick Albert Pottle*. Oxford University Press. $15.

GEORGE GISSING. By *Virginia Woolf*. Cape-Smith. $3.

Fiction

THE FIERCE DISPUTE. By HELEN HOOVEN SANTMYER. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

This volume, belying its title, is a quiet, dignified novel. It tells the story of only three people—two women and a child—unfolded against a single background. It is a struggle of years carried on under one roof and seldom expressed. The two women, a mother and daughter, completely isolated from the world, fight for the happiness, as each sees it, of one little girl. It is an excellent situation with untold possibilities. But it fails here because it is not made to seem sufficiently inevitable. The whole struggle turns on the literal carrying out of a promise: the child is forbidden to sing, or whistle, or touch the old rosewood piano, lest she become a musician like her father; while all the time she is hearing music in the trees, translating graveyard mystery into notes. Her mother sits by with "a flame-like clarity of mind," watching this tragedy go on. Compromise on the part of the one, action on the part of the other, even if it meant the breaking of a none too serious contract, would make a serene home. The fierceness of the dispute would be more justifiable if it were not, really, so easy to "fix things up."

Moreover the story is badly manipulated. Death and disease have to be called in to end a struggle which should have had a psychological solution. Spiritually the two women end where they started. True, there is a last hurried attempt to satisfy the reader. But it seems to come like an afterthought—an attempt to tie together the loose strings. Life is not like that. Nor, if you see the pulling of the strings, is art like that.

Yet there is a good deal to be said for the "The Fierce Dispute." There is great charm in the measured dignity of its writing and the quiet of its scene. The whole picture seems to come out of the past, it has none of the earmarks of a "costume" novel. Its faults, on the whole would seem to be faults of inexperience. The understanding and sincerity in the character-study of the child alone, save the story. And the simple, straightforward manner in which the whole morbid tale is told, raises it to the ranks of the significant. It comes as a pleasant antidote to most of the more ostentatious present-day American novels.

PARISH'S FANCY. By WALTER GUEST KELLOGG. Day. 1929. $2.50.

This charming little narrative recreates a picturesque beauty who flitted across the American scene nearly a century ago. Ameriga Vespucci, a pretty Italian girl who had been mistress of the Duc d'Orléans in France, came to the United States in Van Buren's time to petition Congress for a grant of land. Her illustrious ancestor had given America his name; she felt she had a right to a square mile or two of our wilderness. Though she pleased President Van Buren and won the favor of Senator Benton, while Senator Webster gave her paternal advice and encouragement, Congress remained adamant. It doubted her ancestor's services; moreover, the story of her little affair with the son of Louis Philippe came out and set our moral society against her. She was turned out of drawing rooms by haughty and virtuous American dames. But—at least as Mr. Kellogg tells the story—she found consolation in a new intimacy, this time with "Prince" John Van Buren, who carried her off to White Sulphur Springs and later to New York. He was a brilliant and attractive young man, but addicted to drink; and when he tired of her, she was glad to be parted from him.

In Mr. Kellogg's novel there is a good deal of history, and a good deal of fiction, and it is sometimes rather irritatingly hard to find where one begins and the other leaves off. But there can be little doubt that the scene here in which "Prince" John Van Buren bets Ameriga, in a poker game

(*Continued on next page*)

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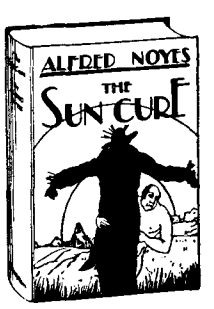

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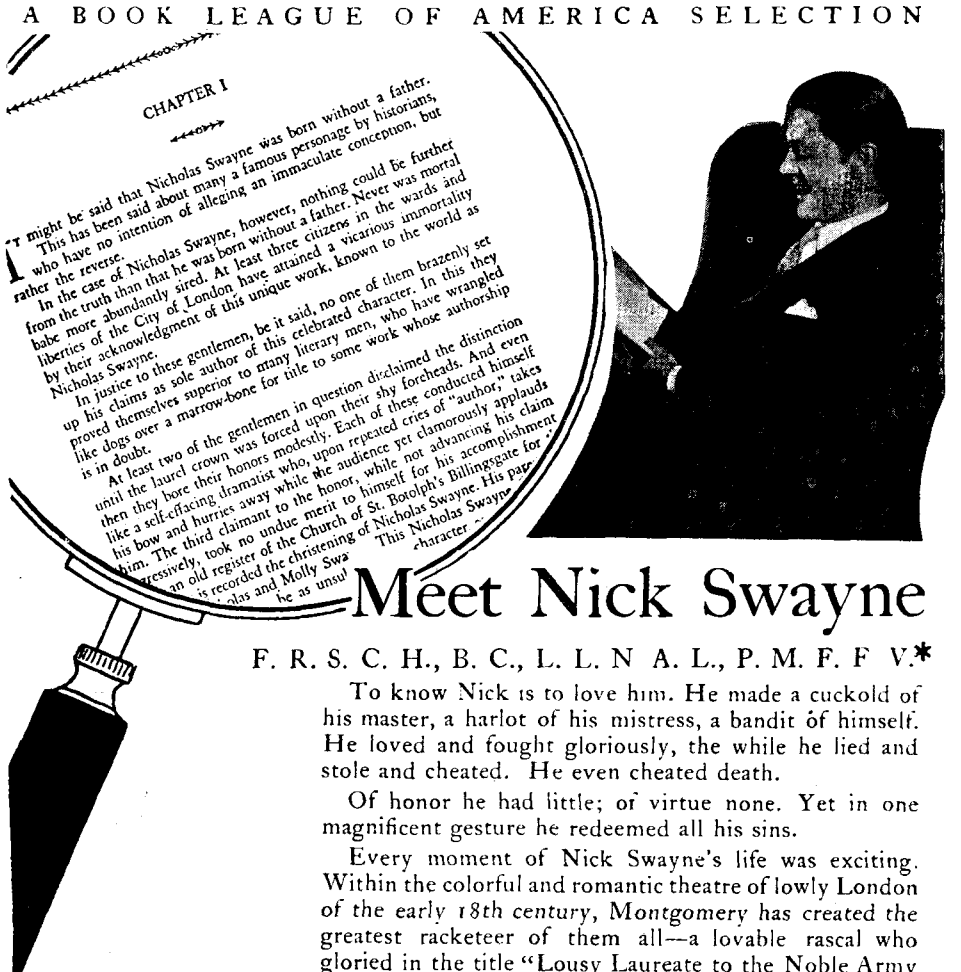
CHAPTER I
It might be said that Nicholas Swayne was born without a father. This has been said about many a famous personage by historians, who have no intention of alleging an immaculate conception, but rather the reverse.
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In justice to these gentlemen, be it said, no one of them brazenly set up his claims as sole author of this celebrated character. In this they proved themselves superior to many literary men, who have wrangled like dogs over a marrow-bone for title to some work whose authorship is in doubt.
At least two of the gentlemen in question disclaimed the distinction until the laurel crown was forced upon their shy foreheads. And even then they bore their honors modestly. Each of these conducted himself like a self-effacing dramatist who, upon repeated cries of "author," takes his bow and hurries away while the audience yet clamorously applauds him. The third claimant to the honor, while not advancing his claim aggressively, took no undue merit to himself for his accomplishment. ... an old register of the Church of St. Botolph's Billingsgate for ... is recorded the christening of Nicholas Swayne. His par... This Nicholas Swayne ... olas and Molly Swa... character ... be as unsu...

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TONIGHT I shall walk in *The Mansions of Philosophy*. The court of the Queen of Sciences bids me a regal welcome and leads to a lofty citadel for seeing life steadily and seeing it whole.

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In the center of the kingdom I shall approach the sovereignty of ethics, and here I shall assess the good life. . . At last, with a modesty commensurate with human ignorance, I shall feel the ultimate sense of totality, and reflect upon man's relationship to the sum of life, and his final destiny. Literally philosophy will become for me a matter of life and death. My discourse shall concern itself with the god of the lovers of wisdom—the law and the structure, the vitality and the will of the world. That is what it means to accept WILL DURANT'S invitation.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

at a solitary New York inn, against $5,000 offered by a dashing traveller named Parish, is too good to be historically true. Yet somehow Ameriga passed into Parish's possession, and so into the local traditions of Ogdensburg, N. Y., where Parish had his mansion. Before she left that town she had set a permanent imprint upon its lore, and her haunts there are still pointed out.

Mr. Kellogg does not attempt too much; his book is but a graceful sketch. But he gives a neat, if fleeting and partial impression, of Washington in the thirties, upper New York when it was still half a frontier, Boston when the Prince de Joinville visited it, and various important personages of the time.

UNKNOWN LANDS. By VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Blasco Ibáñez, an uneven writer, is at his best in those books in which he can mingle a generous quantity of sociology, descriptive geography, contemporary politics, and even economics with his fiction. He is half a journalist—and an expert one—and half a romancer. Such books as "La Bodega," with its detailed study of the wine industry of Jerez, and "The Dead Command," with its picture of the isolated and still half-medieval life of the Balearic Isles, are both good novels and quite striking studies of contemporary Spain. It is regrettable that a man who has written a considerable shelf of such volumes should be popularly known and misjudged by the showy war stories, the "Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum." Discriminating readers of Blasco Ibáñez open a new or newly-translated novel by him with the hope that they have another "La Bodega" or "The Cabin," and not another pot-boiler.

In this instance they will be disappointed. Blasco Ibáñez has turned out a neat, workmanlike, and uninspired historical romance of the time of Columbus. He has done his job dexterously, but it is all too plainly only a job. There was a certain ingenuity in his plan of combining an account of the persecutions of the Jews in old Spain with an account of the first voyage of discovery to America. The early chapters, with a brisk and at times poignant account of the expulsion of the orthodox Jews, the rise of the "New Christians," or converted Hebrews, the suspicion and dislike with which the rabble viewed them, and the sufferings of the intellectuals, promise well. But Blasco Ibáñez can seldom resist the temptation to be a little melodramatic, to season his pages with a little too much spice. When he puts his Jewish heroine, a young girl in love with a Christian lad, into a man's clothing as a sailor before the mast on Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*, the hope for a good novel is lost. The heroine is of course all that a lovely, innocent, devoted girl should be; the hero, her sailor-lover, is a gallant young Spaniard, brave, sturdy, and ambitious. There is a dastardly villain, a wealthy and influential man, with a dark plot for killing the hero and possessing the heroine. He is on the flagship, too, and he grimly awaits his chance. On one page we have historic fact, with the great discoverer pacing an anxious poop, or laying down plans for his West Indian colony. On the next page we see the villain and the hero in a battle to the death, the former fighting with arrows and broadsword and the latter with nothing but his bare hands. Of course all ends happily for the lovers as for Columbus. Blasco Ibáñez has told his story amusingly enough. But he has not for a moment put the real breath of life into it.

PERIL. By LLOYD OSBOURNE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

For the devotees of mystery stories Mr. Osbourne, a veteran practitioner, has compounded an expert tale including such always satisfactory ingredients as the disappearing millionaire, the variously identified corpse, the wife with a past, the writer of mysteries who has to solve a real one, the Mexican bandits, etc. (To save disappointment, however, readers should be warned that the picture on the jacket has nothing to do with the story.) The action begins on Long Island, then shifts to Catalina, San Diego, Tia Juana, and Ensenada; and if this rouses a suspicion that Mr. Osbourne has lately been to these more or less foreign parts and wants to cash in on his travel diary, we, who are not so fortunate as to be able to wander, can only be grateful for his changing the stage set for each act. A good thriller, with plentful change of scene—what more could be asked?

Mr. Osbourne gives you more, however, though quite incidentally; and to this reviewer the chief distinction of "Peril" lies in its implications. It is a high-water mark that shows how far manners have changed of late. Only a few years ago, fiction designed for entertainment was still constrained by standards of conduct and propriety that the realists had long since discarded. Villains in mystery stories might sin, but good behavior, especially in the sexual field, was strictly exacted not only of hero and heroine, but of any character who was not definitely an execrable scoundrel. Mr. Osbourne has evidently decided that this convention no longer holds, and gives us a hero and a heroine plausibly accused of violation of the Mann Act, with copious philanderings and even a touch of incest among his other figures. All of which adds plausibility to his story, of course, but may inspire a gentle regret among readers who, merely for variety, have so far enjoyed meeting in light fiction the sort of people who do not seem to be met any longer in real life.

NELLIE BLOOM, and Other Stories. By MARGERY LATIMER. Sears. 1929. $2.

In the majority of these sixteen brief tales it seems to have been Miss Latimer's intention to present the obvious in a manner which will convey an impression of the profound. Her effects in some instances are contrived by endowing essentially ordinary young women with incongruously twisted conceptions of themselves, love, life, in struggling with which the characters wax hysterical and fall prey to their introspection. Morbid obsessions are much in evidence, as are sterile passions and aspirations unfulfilled. The two longest stories—occupying over one-third of the book—"City" and "The Family," have to do respectively with a futile young girl's endeavors to gain literary fame, and with the discordant home existence of a country couple whose eccentric daughter at length deserts them to follow her career as an artist. Apart from occasional apt turns of characterization and description, these two and various of the shorter pieces do not seem to us noteworthy, but in such tales as "The Child," "Spring," "Penance," Miss Latimer gives liberal evidence of her proficiency in that compressed fiction form wherein plot and cumulative dramatic tension are not called into play.

IDOLATERS. By *Dale Collins*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
SOBER FEAST. By *Barbara Blackburn*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
TRUST WESLEY. By *B. L. Jacot*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
EX-WIFE. *Cape-Smith*. $2.
DOCTOR FOGG. By Norman Matson. Macmillan. $2.
SENSE AND SENSUALITY. By *Sarah Salt*. Payson & *Clarke*. $2.50.
THE GLENLITTEN MURDER. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
HOME-PLACE. By *Maristan Chapman*. Viking. $2.50.
BLAIR'S ATTIC. By *Joseph C. Lincoln* and *Freeman Lincoln*. Coward-McCann. $2.
LANDS LEAD TO CITIES. By *Georgina Garry*. Dutton. $2.50.
THE MURDER IN THE LABORATORY. By *T. L. Davidson*. Dutton. $2.
AMERICAN COLONY. By *Charles Brackett*. Liveright. $2.50.
THE CHRONICLES OF A GIGOLO. By *Jonathan Swift*. Liveright. $2.
THE FIDDLER. By *Sarah Gertrude Millin*. Liveright. $2.50.
MYSTERY AT SPANISH HACIENDA. By *Jackson Gregory*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
MURDER AT BRATTON GRANGE. By *John Rhode*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME. By *Dorothy L. Sayers*. Payson & Clarke. $3.
SAPLINGS. By *Irene Stiles*. Henkle. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

BIRDS AND BEASTS OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. By *Norman Douglas*. Cape-Smith. $3.
THE DAY OF THE CATTLEMAN. By *Ernest Staples Osgood*. University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.
MARRIAGE. By *Edward Westen March*. Cape-Smith. $1.50.
MR. PUNCH ON THE LINKS. Edited by *E. D. Knox*. Henkle. $2.
PIPE AND TUBE BENDING AND JOINING. By *Stanley P. Marks*. Pitman. $1.75.
COMMON COMMODITIES AND INDUSTRIES. By *John L. Young*. Pitman. $1.
LONG ISLAND'S STORY. By *Jacqueline Overton*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50 net.
THE PERFECT BABY. By *Claire Morton*. Vanguard. $1.90.
LINDBERGH: HIS STORY IN PICTURES. Edited by *Francis Farlyan Miller*. Putnams. $2.50.
TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR DELINQUENT GIRLS. By *Margaret Reeves*. Russell Sage Foundation. $3.50.
CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *Harold S. Vanderbilt*. Scribners. $2.50.
EPOCHS IN AMERICAN BANKING. By *Noble Foster Hoggson*. Day. $5 net.
SELLING MRS. CONSUMER. By *Mrs. Christine Frederick*. Business Bourse, New York, 80 West 40th St. $5.
OUR BIGGEST CUSTOMER. By *George Harrison Phelps*. Liveright. $2.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

H. H. C., New York City, asks if there is a book that would be useful in cataloguing a small home library. Mr. Gilbert H. Doane, Librarian of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, comes to the aid of this book-gatherer. He says: "It depends upon the type of the library and the use to which the catalogue is to be put. If H. H. C. is a book-collector and wishes to compile a bibliographical catalogue a great deal of information will be found in Iolo Williams's 'Elements of Book Collecting.' If H. H. C. wishes a miniature public library catalogue, the American Library Association publishes a small handbook by S. G. Akers, titled: 'Simple Library Cataloguing.' Gaylord Brothers, dealers in library supplies, Syracuse, New York, issue a small handbook, 'How to Organize a Library,' in which H. H. C. will find simple catalogue rules. But even these are a bit too complicated for the average home library. In general, a simple author list is sufficient. A friend of mine, who has several hundred volumes in her home, makes what we librarians call an "author card" for each book, or set of books; i. e., she lists the author's name on the first line of the card. Beginning anew on the second line she records the title of the book, followed by the name of the publisher, the place and year published. Then, beginning anew once more on the first free line following, she notes the edition. On the next line the price of the book, i. e., the price paid, is entered, and the dealers from whom she bought it. Following that, any notes of interest, such as 'author's presentation copy.' This serves her as a check-list of her books, as a catalogue, and as a price-list. Incidentally, the date the book was purchased should be added, for it indicates the value of the book, e. g., a book which cost $1.25 in 1914, would cost twice that to-day. These cards should be filed alphabetically by the author's surname."

This is just in time for the Guide herself, who spent the days just before sailing in packing books for the new apartment in which after October 1 they and she are to be housed coöperatively.

M. M. S., San Jose, California, says that she can offer the Cleveland Public Library more than two lines on the "Demon of Notre Dame," as the etching, Le Stryge, does: "I copied the following verse, by E. K. Broadus, on a picture of the famous devil looking out over Paris. And why two pages when these six lines say it all?"

With angel wings and brutish human form,
Withered with centuries of sun and storm,
He crouches yonder on the gallery wall,
Monstrous, superb, indifferent, cynical;
And all the pulse of Paris cannot stir
Her one immutable philosopher.

J. F. D., Emmitsburg, Md., apropos of Jane Cowl's revival of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," asks what other plays in any language have been based on the Francesca episode in Dante? He knows George Boker's mid-Victorian American play, and Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande."

THE fate of Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, she who married Lanciotto Malestasta, lord of Rimini, and together with his brother Paolo was killed by him *circa* 1389, has inspired famous playwrights, poets, and librettists of at least three languages and for more than one century. Her tragic story—it is to be noticed that it is always taken as her story rather than Paolo's, and that Phillips's play is, so far as I can find, the only one whose title gives the gentleman precedence—was the subject of a poem by Leigh Hunt in 1816 and of a tragedy by Silvio Pellico in 1818; this is in English in "My Prisons" (Wagner) and is published in Italian by the University of Chicago Press. In 1850 Paul Heyse wrote a play, "Francesca da Rimini"; Phillips's came in 1899, and in 1901 the famous "Francesca da Rimini" of Gabriele d'Annuncio (Stokes), the most widely known dramatic treatment of the story in our times; in 1906 Cesario wrote a tragedy with this title, and in 1909 the Bohemian Nernda a tragedy. Hermann Goetz used it for an opera in 1877, but the most popular treatment it has received in music was the opera "Francesca da Rimini," by Ambroise Thomas, in 1882 and the symphonic poem by Tchaikowsky in 1877. The first literary appearances of the doomed pair are in the fifth canto of the Inferno and the third of Petrarch's "Triumph of Love."

The most popular version of the story in this country has been George Henry Boker's; there has been a recent revival of interest in this American playwright and poet, following the publication of E. S. Bradley's critical biography, "George Henry Boker" (University of Pennsylvania), and the recent appearance of his play "Nydia" from the same press. This also published this Spring the remarkable sonnet-sequence that forms one of the most frank and revealing autobiographical documents in the history of poetry, his "Sonnets." His "Francesca da Rimini" is published by the Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 South Dearborn St., Chicago.

In Frank Chandler's "Aspects of Modern Drama" (Macmillan)—a book for which many uses may be found in any theatregoer's library—there is a chapter comparing the treatment of this legend by Phillips, by d'Annunzio, and by Maeterlinck in "Pelleas and Melisande," that attenuated and philosophized version of the robust Italian situation. There is a delineation of the character of Melisande in James Huneker's "Iconoclasts" (Scribner); but the one that comes first to my mind when her name is mentioned came to me from H. E. Krehbiel, who did not much like either the book or the music of the Debussy opera. "But as a play? . . ." I ventured, when he was telling me this one morning when we met on a busy street corner. He threw up both hands in protest. "She goes around shouting 'La vérité! la vérité!'" he cried, "and then she lies like the devil!"

For my own part, I cannot feel that Francesca fared so badly. She went to Hell, of course, but then something really should have been done to anyone who started, as she seems to have done, the fashion of blaming bad actions on whatever book the sinner was reading just before the sin. "In the book that day we read no more. . . ." Presumably there was something else in the house to read than the story of Lancelot and Guinevere.

E. D. W., Malvern, Pa., asks if there is a book that would give a child of nine information about the making of a flower-garden.

AN excellent one: "Beginning to Garden," by Helen Wodell (Macmillan), one of a series of Work and Play books for children, with many black-and-white illustrations. This gardening manual is about my size, my mental age in this respect being something under ten, and I like it because it puts in all the information that older folks's books leave out as taken for granted. It is not safe to take anything for granted with me when it comes to plants and their habits, and from this little work I did get much good advice.

R. A. A., Morgantown, W. Va., asks for books on nature in the Bible.

"BIRDS in the Bible," by Gene Stratton Porter (Abingdon Press), covers this branch of the subject, and there are several collections of sermons and talks to Sunday-schools that might be helpful. "Nature Sermons," by Charles E. Jefferson (Revell), "Sunday Talks on Nature Topics," by D. A. Jordan (Abingdon), and "Bible Nature Stories in Chalk," a blackboard study-help for Sunday-schools by E. N. Wood (Revell), while "Under the Gray Olives," a travel book of Palestine by Marian Keith (Doubleday, Doran) might be included. Or you could look up the articles in a Bible dictionary, Smith's (Revell) for a small one, or the large illustrated "New Standard Bible Dictionary," published by Funk & Wagnalls.

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Points of View

Sterling and P. J.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Since your correspondent, Mr. G. H. Cunningham, has disclosed an interesting, and it may be important, episode in the early life of George Sterling, it may be worth while to correct some points in which Mr. Cunningham's memory is certainly at fault. I was the youthful minister of the church in question at the time, and had other connections with Sterling's migration to California which qualify me to bear accurate testimony as to the facts. Since Mr. Cunningham does not reveal the name of the "chum" it will be sufficient to designate him as P. J.

I was in New York at the time, and was astounded to read in the New York *World* that a pirate flag was flying from the steeple of my church, which, by the way was Presbyterian, and not Episcopal. On my return to the village of S. there was the flag, sure enough, with its scull and crossbones flying from the tall wooden steeple of the church. I said at once that it must come down before Sunday, and it did. No scaffolding was built for the purpose. A painter, who had been a sailor, took it down for the sum of five dollars, and said he would like permanent employment at the same rate. The feat of placing it on the steeple was much more hazardous than Mr. Cunningham intimates. There was no lightning rod to aid the climbers. They went up by a stairway to the peak of the steeple, climbed out of a small window, and with nothing but the frail wooden ornaments which had been nailed there fifty years before, reached the top at the dizzy height of nearly 200 feet.

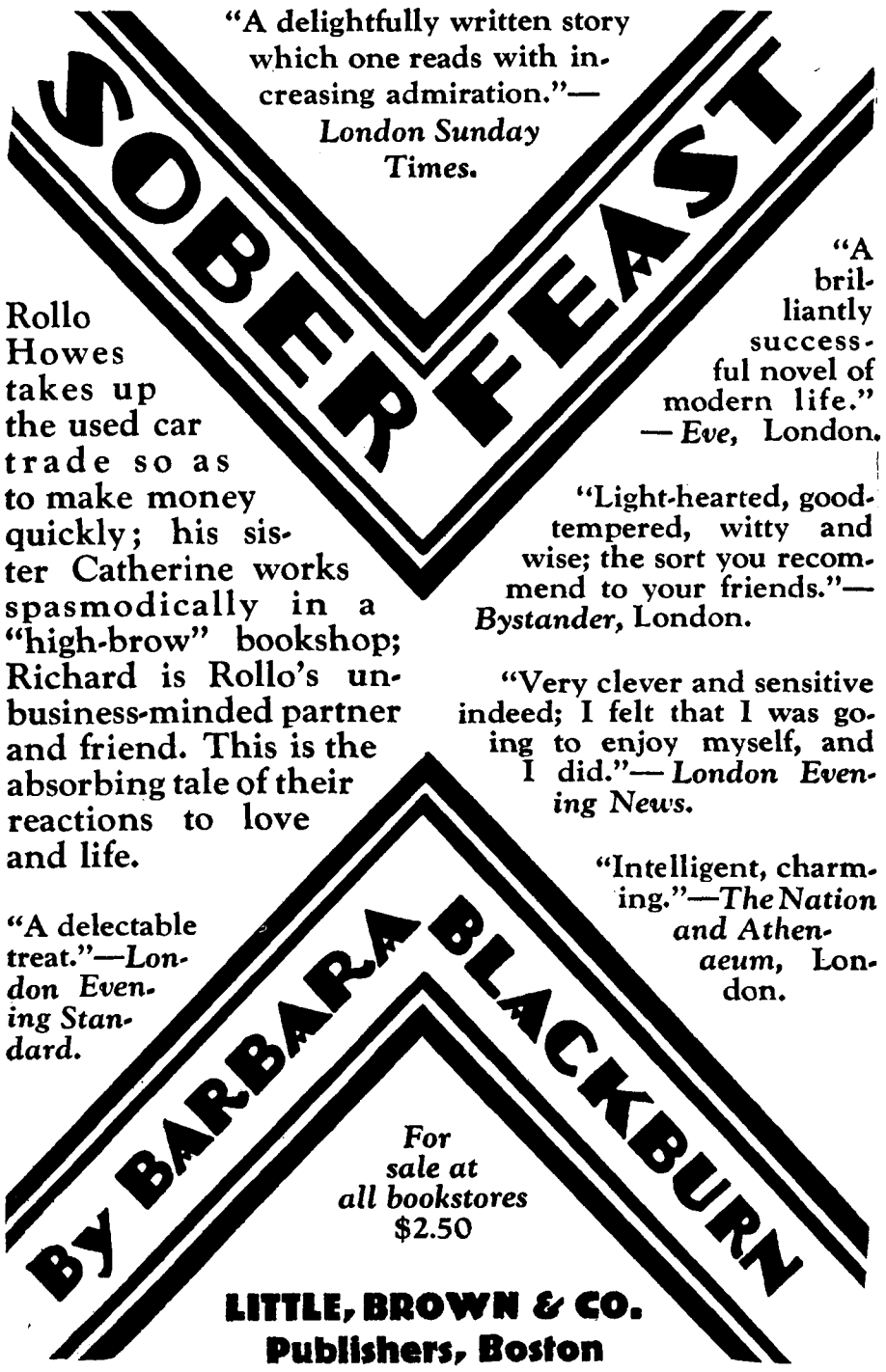
One of the young ladies connected with the enterprise talked, and soon the whole story was known to everybody. And everybody laughed, even the church treasurer who paid the bill. No further attention was paid to the matter. Nobody thought of prosecuting the lads.

But a little later there was a series of incendiary fires, culminating in one which threatened a serious conflagration. This was no laughing matter. At the time I and some gentlemen with whom I was associated had in our employ a brace of detectives who were working on a different matter altogether. We thought it worth while to divert them temporarily to the matter of the incendiary fires. They soon had evidence enough to warrant them in interviewing Sterling and P. J. How far they went with the methods of the "third degree" I do not know. They reported to us that Sterling weakened soon, but P. J. maintained his nerve without flinching. Then Sterling's grandmother left town. I do not think that there was sufficient evidence against the boys to warrant an arrest. But this sudden departure, under the circumstances, confirmed the suspicion which had fastened on the pair. P. J. held out a few days longer, and then he too left town. The two of them went to California to an uncle of Sterling's, who, by the way, had left the Long Island town under precisely similar circumstances many years before.

It was always understood that P. J. was the master mind in these escapades. Sterling was regarded as an amiable lad, bent on mischief, perhaps, but without the disposition to reckless adventure without his leader. If P. J. had broken into the world of high finance, or had otherwise distinguished himself, we would not have been surprised. When "Wine of Wizardry" appeared, sponsored as it was by the extravagant praise of Ambrose Bierce, I for one was amazed. And I have wondered what would have happened if P. J. had not led Sterling into an escapade which sent him far away from the sleepy old Long Island town in which he was born and reared. I have even flattered myself with the notion that I had helped in a small way to fling him into fame.

CLARENCE H. WILSON.
Belgrade Lakes, Me.

Professor F. Baldensperger of the Sorbonne is writing a biography of Alfred de Vigny and would appreciate letters by or information about him. If originals are sent, the greatest care will be exercised in returning same. Communications may be addressed directly to him at 55 Rue Vaugirard, (6e), Paris, France, or to Edward Larocque Tinker, 449 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.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THE LITERARY CAREER OF JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. By FREDERICK A. POTTLE. New York: Oxford, University Press. 1929.

EVEN before the absorption of the entire eighteenth century by collectors, James Boswell had, to a certain extent, been an object of interest—it was never quite possible to overlook his one great contribution to English literature, and even though the book itself was not scarce in the sense many others have always been, it at least commanded respect and attention. To generations carefully trained for college entrance examinations on Macaulay's lurid descriptions, poor James Boswell was less than dirt, a creature of notebooks and no mentality, who suffered from a hero-fixation of the worst sort, and who, merely by an accident of Providence, happened to be able to write anything at all. If he ever had published other books, Macaulay and his readers felt no desire to be aware of the fact: they had to acknowledge in one instance the presence of a heavenly gift no matter how much they might question the wisdom of its bestowal, but that, for their purposes, was sufficient. Boswell was a fool, and there the subject ended for them. Boswell, however, more fortunate than any one else in his interpreters of the past few years, has survived all this, and now in the present time has begun to find his greatest importance.

The present notice pretends only to speak of Dr. Pottle's book from the point of view of a contribution to bibliography—for anything further, a degree of scholarship equal to his own is essential in order properly to evaluate the distinction of his achievement. That he has produced a volume of inestimable value to both dealers and collectors, in spite of the explicit statement in the introduction, "I did not write it primarily for [their] benefit," must be made clear at once; it is obvious that Boswell items in the future will bear the Pottle reference numbers quite as serenely as English books published before 1640 carry those of the Short Title Catalogue. Out of an amazingly complicated subject, Dr. Pottle has created an orderly, intelligent, and even fascinating work—he has omitted nothing of importance to collectors, even though it may have seemed useless to him as a scholar, but on the other hand, with an unusual appreciation of his duties as a bibliographer, he has included details that they alone would wish to know. It is impossible to over-rate his book, or to be grateful enough to him for this additional proof that bibliography, exactly as history, depends for the quality of its success quite as much upon the manner of treatment it receives as it depends upon the accuracy of the facts presented to the reader—it is seldom possible to find as satisfactory and as brilliant a piece of work as this.

It may be interesting to quote Dr. Pottle on the over-worked "give" point! "At least one leaf appears in two 'states.' Page 135, line 10, second word, reads in some copies 'give'; in other gve.' Of the four copies in the British Museum, two have one reading and two the other. There can be little doubt that 'gve' is the earlier state. The first proof shows the word correctly spelled, but the lines are punctuated as follows:

Short, O short! then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again.

Boswell passed this in the proof, but in the revise (both proof and revise are in the possession of Mr. [R. B.] Adam) he directed the printer to remove the exclamation point in the first line and substitute it for the period at the end of the second, which is in fact the punctuation of the printed text. When the changes were made the 'i' dropped out, and the printer, not noticing what had happened, filled up the line by inserting a space between 'gve' and 'us.' After a considerable part of the edition had been printed, the error was discovered and corrected in the press. The booksellers have given this rather uninteresting 'point' more attention than it deserves."

G. M. T.

THE Luttrell Psalter, one of the most finely illuminated manuscripts in English, was withdrawn from the Sotheby's auction block recently with the announcement that it had been privately bought for the British Museum, where it has rested for thirty years. The price paid, $157,500, was lent, interest free, to the British Museum, it is thought, by the Messrs. Quaritch, who "felt it was only right that the Psalter should remain in England."

With its withdrawal, interest centered in the "Bedford Book of Hours" which went to Messrs. Quaritch for $165,000. This famous English manuscript will also be held for the British Museum by the purchaser as soon as the price paid can be raised. No interest will be charged as the Messrs. Quaritch are anxious that this volume also remain in England.

The chief American bidder was Gabriel Wells of New York, who stayed to $140,000 during excited bidding from all parts of the room. It started at $25,000.

The Luttrell Psalter was the property of Mrs. Alfred Noyes, wife of the poet, who inherited it from her grandfather, Sir Frederick Weldin, to whose family both the Luttrell and Bedford had belonged since the seventeenth century.

The Luttrell Psalter is one of the most lavishly decorated manuscripts existing. It is famous for the marginal drawings illustrating the life and customs of medieval England, and was executed in 1340 for Sir Geoffrey Luttrell of Lenham, Lincolnshire.

The book contains 309 leaves and is illuminated in colors and gold.

It is understood that a public appeal for a fund will be made by the British Museum, which has a year in which to pay. The manuscripts will be exhibited in the British Museum.

THE record sum of £1,220 ($5,917) was paid recently by Maggs Bros., London booksellers, for "The Life of Samuel Johnson," by James Boswell, London, 1791. This copy, which belonged to Mrs. Alan Gough, came out of the Duke of Roxburghe sale in 1812 for £1 11s 6d.

An autograph letter from George Washington to John Paul Jones, dated July 22, 1787, in which the Father of his Country mentions Lafayette and Rochambeau, brought £920 ($4,462), Maggs Bros., being the purchasers.

A letter from Abraham Lincoln to his Secretary of War, written on August 19, 1861, recommended James Shields, Brigadier General George S. Thomas and Colonel Michael Corcoran for promotion, brought £220 ($1,067).

A PLEASANT little book, possibly of some interest to collectors, is Haselhurst Greaves's "The Personal Library: How to Make and How to Use It" (London, 1928, Grafton & Company.) The author, for many years a public librarian, writes so much from the point of view of his profession that, at times, he seems to be addressing himself to persons rather unacquainted with English literature, but his manner is so simple and unpretentious that it possesses an individual charm. His ideas are practical and very sound—he is never startlingly original, nor does he try to produce the impression of great learning. Beginning with reading itself, he goes on to discuss the different means of forming a library, the collecting of first editions, the cataloguing of books and articles from periodicals, and finally the problem of selecting books. His enthusiasm and his genuine love of books are so apparent that they give a real value to his work.

The Chocorua Press (30 West 24th Street, New York City) has announced its intention of publishing, in unlimited editions, a series of bibliographies of American authors, as well as books dealing with bibliography in general. These are to be known as the "Chocorua Bibliographies" and the first of the series, to be issued early in the autumn, is to be Mr. Vrest Orton's "Notes to Add to a Bibliography of Theodore Dreiser." Mr. Orton for this edition has completely

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revised the material included in the pamphlet he brought out last year, and has made of it a much more comprehensive and valuable work; as the publishers believe books of this kind should be made available, at the lowest price, to as many people as possible, it is to be sold for $2.50. These bibliographies are to be printed at the Stratford Press, with typography by S. A. Jacobs.

In addition to these, the Press has announced for the autumn "The Palette Knife," by Christopher Morley, designed and printed by the Pynson Printers, and signed by the author (450 copies, $20 each), and Brian Hooker's translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," with a new preface by Mr. Hooker.

G. M. T.

FOR some years past a committee chosen from members of the American Institute of Graphic Arts has selected fifty books of the year which, having regard to the conditions under which they were produced and the problem facing the designers, seemed to the committee the best examples of American printing for that period. The books so chosen are shown every year in the Grolier Club, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and also in most of the larger American cities. These exhibitions have been of very great service to the printing community in the United States by emphasizing for publishers, as for readers, the possibilities of better production open before them; they have helped printers by increasing the demand for good work, and they have also helped those book-collectors who wish to have on their shelves the best examples of contemporary typography.

It has long been felt that some such demonstration of English printing was very desirable. General exhibitions of recent books put out by publishers were, until last year, organized by the Bibliographical Society; but it was felt that the element of selection which was the chief feature of the American scheme was to be preferred. The Bibliographical Society of England is not to hold any exhibition during the present year, and has shown its good will by offering a contribution to the cost of those of the First Edition Club, to which its members will now be admitted. A committee has therefore chosen, from the books submitted by the English publishers, fifty volumes which seem to them best to deserve a place. In making the selection a given number of marks has been allotted for the paper used, the binding, the typographical arrangement, the machining, the general effect, and the relation to price.

These fifty books have been on exhibition in the First Edition Club, last month, side by side with a set of the American books which had been sent over by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. It is intended to make this exhibition an annual one, so that from this time onward the best American and English books of the year will be shown simultaneously side by side in London and New York.

The recent sale at Sotheby's which had as it principal attraction the Luttrell Psalter and the Bedford Book of Hours included nine very fine illuminated manuscripts from the Holford library. One of the most important of these was a charmingly decorated Florentine manuscript of Petrarch, "Triomphi," *circa* 1490, on seventy leaves small quarto. Another was a Book of Hours, by a French artist *circa* 1420, on 245 leaves small quarto, with twenty-one very fine miniatures by two or more artists, one of whom is closely related in manner to that one of the brothers De Limbourg who executed the devotional pictures in the famous "Très-riches Heures," of Jean Duc de Berry at Chantilly. And yet another was the "Bible Historiée et Vies des Saints," a Northern French manuscript of about 1300, one of the most profusely illustrated volumes of its kind; it is a folio of 154 leaves, and has 846 miniatures painted with panels in red, blue and green. The manuscript belonged to the Percivals of Enmore Castle, and came into the possession of Payne and Foss, the eminent London booksellers, in whose catalogue No. 72 of 1835 it was listed, and then again in that of 1837, and from the latter sold to Mr. R. S. Holford.

On the same day another very fine early manuscript was offered for sale at Hurcomb's Calder House, Piccadilly, a French translation of Boccaccio, "De cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes," a folio "translate de latin en fraçois par moi cozens," and finished April 15, 1409, by one Laurence, clerk of the diocese of Troyes. An inscription in the volume reads "Ex Bibliotheca de Nicolai Joseph Foucault Comitis Consistoriani," while another inscription reads "Ce livre moi eté donné par M. Labé de Saussenage Abé de St. Jean des Vignes [?] de Soissone le 10. dec. 1711. foucault."

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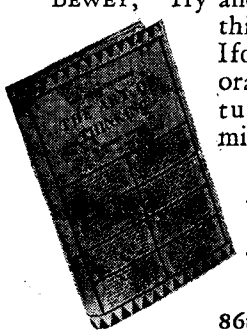

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IT must be the weather. Not the heat but the humidity, you know. It's put a moratorium upon gossip, and there aren't any nice, juicy bits of literary intelligence with which to regale you. Of course, there are odds and ends of news such as that the authorities of Oxford University have decreed that there shall be light in the Bodleian Library, and hereafter with the brilliant blaze of electric bulbs to prevent it scholars need no longer cease work at three o'clock of a midwinter afternoon; or that there is a duplicate exhibition of the British and American "Fifty Books of the Year" in London and New York, and that the Irish Theatre—Cherry Lane Playhouse—has secured the services of *Mr. Liam Dunne*, formerly of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, as the Director of Scenic Design. Oh, yes, and talking of the theatre reminds us of music, and that a Vienna pianist, named *Hugo Müller*, has "beaten the world's record for non-stop piano playing of eighty hours, held by a young butcher's assistant named *Otto Novak*." But that's neither here nor there. . . .

"All Quiet on the Western Front," which is running its European record (since we are speaking of records) a race in America, is to be adapted for the talking films. We gleaned that item from our old standby, *John O'London's Weekly*, and we're inclined to think we've taken over an Anglicism along with the statement. Nevertheless we're for America first. . . .

We are delighted at last to see announced a second volume of poems by *Winifred Welles*, "This Delicate Love," to be published in September by the Viking Press. It is far too long since "The Hesitant Heart," her only prior volume, attracted the suffrages of all who can appreciate and recognize a rare new voice. . . .

Most of the publishers and their assistants are in Europe, but not all of them. *Marjorie Tyler* of the University of Chicago Press isn't. She came into our office on the crest of the heat wave the other day, and in between trying to make us believe that Lake Michigan was more prolific of cooling breezes than the Atlantic, told us of the publishing plans of her organization for the fall and the winter. Among other things we gathered that our long cherished desire to know of the life that lies back of the snatches of conversation that float to us over the counters of department stores is about to be gratified. The University of Chicago Press is shortly to issue a volume by *Frances Donovan* entitled "The Saleslady," wherein is set forth in a narrative of personal experience what she does at work and at play. We've always been inordinately interested in it. Into another book of which Miss Tyler spoke we had already taken a hasty dip; it's *C. Judson Herrick's* "The Thinking Machine," and though it's written by a scientist it is an account of how the brain works which the layman can follow. We wish that we had had time to read in it more extensively, even though we were getting entangled in the galley proofs. But that's always our luck. We no sooner get interested in a book than we have to put it aside for another. . . .

A book of drawings you'll want, when it's out next November first, is *Peter Arno's* published by Horace Liveright. Arno's work in *The New Yorker* has been a joy forever. . . .

The same firm promises for August and September three unusual books of poetry. There is *Samuel Hoffenstein's* "Sunday to Saturday Inclusive," there is *George O'Neil's* "God Beguiled," and young O'Neil is quite a magical poet, and there is *Robinson Jeffers's* "Dear Judas," which contains two longer poems, "Dear Judas" and "The Loving Shepherdess." Jeffers describes "Dear Judas" as "a species of passion-play." . . .

Talking of university presses and their representatives, as we were a minute ago, *Mr. Donaldson* of the Yale University Press found his way into the Nest recently. Coming from no further away than New Haven, he couldn't even attempt to pretend that there were cool breezes anywhere; he could only say that the weather was hot, to which we heartily agreed. But he beguiled us into forgetting it with his I accounts of a book which the Yale Press is to issue in October, a chronicle of a French evacuation hospital, written by *Frederick A. Pottle*. Mr. Pottle recently contributed an article on *Boswell* to our columns and this new incarnation of his was a surprise to us. So was the fashion in which the Yale University Press is bringing out his volume, in a most non-academic binding of red with the title of the book, "Stretchers," running around the edges in gilt. Mr. *Carl P. Rollins*, our neighbor of the Compleat Collector, has designed it, and our quondam contributor, Mr. *William A. Dwiggins*, has furnished a jacket for it. . . .

But to get back to luck. Some persons certainly have all of it. That is to say, *Harrison Smith* of Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, the latest until there was a later publishing house, has a yawl, or a schooner, or at any rate some sort of a boat, and when the heat gets intolerable he takes to Long Island Sound in it. Think of it! Long Island Sound on a summer night, with the city steaming in the distance, and nothing to disturb the dark of the waters except the lights of the rumrunners. Or perhaps rumrunners are the very last craft in the whole world of shipping to show their lights. At any rate, we've wondered for a long time why no one calls attention to the fact that the Bay and the East River and the Sound are yielding as picturesque copy today as that which *James Fenimore Cooper* used so effectively in the "Water Witch." There's a hint for Mr. Smith. Why doesn't he get out a new edition of that tale of the New York of the patroons and the smugglers? It's an exceedingly good yarn, and it antedated *Joan Lowell* by half a century in depicting a lone girl in a ship full of men. Well, we can't help it if people don't read Cooper nowadays; it's their own loss. To return to Mr. Harrison Smith who has all the luck. He took one of our staff with him the other night in his yawl, or schooner, or whatever sort of boat it was, and he, our colleague, we mean, came back oozing bits of publishing information. The best of it we can't tell you, since it concerns a book which is to be a surprise in October. It is an INNOVATION. But we are courting danger; we must remain silent as the sphinx about it at present, and bid you possess your souls in patience till it appears. We haven't asked Mr. Smith whether we can mention *Maurice Hindus's* "Broken Earth," which is also to be published in the Fall, but in default of instructions to the contrary we'll tell you in confidence that it is one of the most interesting accounts of Bolshevist Russia which it has been our fortune to see. . . .

Francis Brett Young has a brother, *Eric Brett Young*. Once they were collaborators on a piece of critical writing called "Undergrowth" ('Orrid title!). Then Eric by way of journalism became official reporter to the House of Lords. But he also became a novelist after his own kind, even writing romances, "Winter Corn" and "Silversands," under the pseudonym of *Eric Leacroft*. Lippincott is bringing out his "Dancing Beggars" now. . . .

Julian Green, author of "The Closed Garden," "Avarice House," and several short stories has won the Harper $10,000 prize for the best novel by an American. Incidentally he is an American by virtue of descent not of residence. He was born in France of parents who were Virginians and has spent only a few years in this country. His prize-winning book, "The Dark Journey," was in the French edition the choice of the French Book-of-the-Month Club, the Selection Sequana. Its scene is laid in a French provincial town, and its central character is a sinister figure who from her desk in a local restaurant manipulates the lives of others. Harpers is bringing it out in a handsome gold wrapper with the blue ribbon of honor affixed most effectively to the cover. . . .

"Stung equally," say his publishers, "by the vicious attacks on his latest novel, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' and by the discovery that no less than three pirated editions of the book have been printed in the United States and sold surreptitiously by the thousand," *D. H. Lawrence* "has just written his mind in a paper called 'My Skirmish with the Jolly Roger.'" Random House has printed a first edition of the essay of six hundred copies. D. H. Lawrence lovers form to the right. . . .

News from the Bookclubs! The Catholic Book-a-Month Club has changed its name to the Catholic Booklovers' Guild, and has taken as its selection for July *Will W. Whalen's* "Give Me a Chance." Father Whalen, on occasions, has contributed to this old caravansary of gossip. The Book League of America is to send out in August "The Stormy Life of *Mirabeau*," by *Henry de Jouvenel*. M. de Jouvenel (who spells his first name in the English fashion) was formerly French High Commissioner in Syria and is now a member of the French Senate. Helen Ferris formerly of the *Youth's Companion*, late of the *Atlantic Bookshelf*, has become associated with *Katherine Ulrich* on the *Junior Literary Guild*.

As we said before, it is not the heat, but—You know the rest. Or perhaps you don't? The rest is silence.

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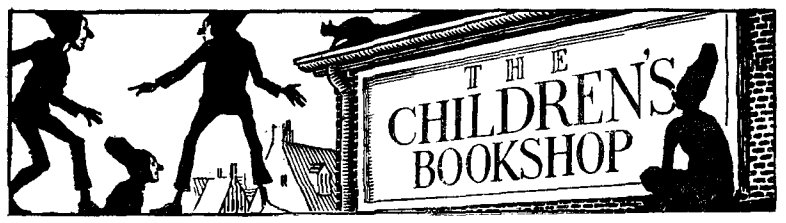

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE. By E. P. NORWOOD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.50.

Reviewed By RAYMOND L. DITMARS
New York Zoölogical Park

IT has been a real pleasure to read Mr. Norwood's book. I have read many books about animals, some good and others painfully overdrawn; and the latter condition isn't at all necessary in describing animals. Sympathetic observation and adherence to the truth will produce a maze of wonderful details about the ways of captive beasts.

After finishing "The Circus Menagerie," and browsing over it—for it is a book one remembers—it occurred to me that I had just completed my thirtieth year in the Zoölogical Park. And this has meant a lot of experience with animals. Yet I learned some things from this book. There is no place for studying animal psychology like a circus. It is there that animals have strong individuality—and the best animal men travel with the circus, or have come to the immobile zoos from the shows.

During trips among various animal collections I have come to know a type of man not broadly recognized, but specific in profession. There are not many of these men. They have different titles according to the places where they are to be found. Among the circuses they are "the boss animal men" or they are bosses of sections of the show menagerie. Among the zoos they may be designated as superintendents, or head-keepers. Some of the keepers in zoölogical institutions come within the classification, and are of a type, which I would define as being, by intuition, fitted to care sympathetically for all kinds of captive animals.

The supposition might naturally be that such men, particularly those who follow the shows, were originally boys on the farms who had been interested in horses or dogs, or kept collections of pets. Some of them were, but most of them weren't. I know of one who came from a foundry and joined a circus to get some air and what he considered a rest. Another was an ex-professional soldier. Some had never been keenly interested in anything or kept to any one job until they had worked with animals. These men become quickly adapted to any kind of animal, large or small, gentle or savage. They become closely associated with their charges and have a strong influence among them. These men warrant the title of clairvoyants among animals. Without realizing it they are keen in their study of animal psychology and the extremely serious, scientific zoölogist with his honorary degree for the writing of voluminous monographs about animal behavior, can learn a great deal from them, and, if he is reasonable enough, stand by and see some of his pet theories come crashing down by the explanations of such men, who have closely observed during intimate life with the animals.

These are the men who talk through Mr. Norwood's book—and it is mighty interesting to hear what they say, and to smell the sawdust, and hear the clank and rattle of circus paraphernalia—for the author has lived with the show, and like all confirmed showmen, can't get away from it.

I have, myself, spent considerable time traveling with the big shows, studying the ingenuity of transportation, the care and condition of the animals during an extremely mobile existence, and swapping stories with old friends among the "boss animal men." During these experiences I have long been impressed with the idea that the change of scene and the action of a circus appear to have a beneficial effect upon the animals. They are kept stirred up and have something to think about, and from a number of accumulated notes I am led to think that circus animals live as long, or a bit longer than specimens in the best appointed parks. Then again, comes that point of individuality.

As the more dramatic types are naturally exhibited in the circus, each has its very specific name, while its every eccentricity is noted by the keeper, who not only cares for it, but virtually sleeps with it.

Those weeks of traveling with the shows were extremely helpful to me in practical study and they were fascinating, too; and I was always sorry when they came to an end. Hence it is genuinely refreshing to come upon this book and join that interesting life again, and to my benefit; for I repeat again that I have learned some new things.

There are few of us who do not thrill, whether young or old, when under the "big top" where the air is full of flying acrobats or the rings and stages populous with performing beasts, but the menagerie tent is a world in itself and to be intimately taken inside is a fascinating privilege. This the author of the book has done so that after the adventure the reader feels a keen significance in that common term "menagerie." Also, there is a feeling that there are other classifications from those which are strictly zoölogical, when the traits of "the spotted girls" and "the humps" and "the bulls," as circus vernacular defines the giraffes, the camels, and elephants, are considered and remembered.

FATMA WAS A GOOSE, TUNIS TALES. By DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IT was late for North Africa, the first week of last May, to be precise, when the reviewer and his family motored down from Tunis to Kairouan. There are perhaps thirty thousand Arabs within the white walls of that holy, beautiful, swarming, and (to western nostrils) evil-smelling city; perhaps three hundred French live in a small suburb beyond the gate toward Sousse.

In the very thick of Arab Kairouan, looking on the tiny wool market, between the Souks and the Great Mosque, lives Miss Dahris Martin, author of "Fatma Was A Goose." She is the only white, unveiled woman dwelling within the walls. We met her in the Souks and drank Arab coffee with her, while a dignified merchant had his boys spread before us the lovely Kairouan carpets in their soft tones of fawn and umber and deep gray and clouded white. But the dignified merchant could not distract our attention from Miss Martin—as she told us about her warm love for Kairouan, her admiration for the Arabs; and about her forthcoming book. . .

Well, here it is—her book; and a charming collection of tales for the younger children it proves to be! Miss Martin knows her Tunis from within, and she has collected these little folk stories—such stories as are told to Arab children by Arab mothers—from her Arabian friends in Kairouan. She retells them with simplicity and a true sense of fun; and I can hardly imagine a western child, between (say) the ages of five and ten, who would not be the happier for meeting Fatma, the little goose, as she rides forth on the hump of Sidi, the good old camel, to visit Tunis Town and the glorious Palace of the Bey!

The decorations and illustrations by B. L. Cuming are excellent, full of humor and local color, and thoroughly in tune with the text.

With mothers of children of the right age this book should find an immediate welcome. And may I add that some older people, not too sophisticated to remember they once were young, could pass a pleasant half-hour with it, and gain thereby a surprising insight (not so easily to be gained from guide-books) with respect to a certain homely, fun-loving side of the North African native family life.

A suggestion, possibly valuable to workers in bookshops and book-departments: that a special offer be made to parents in the form of a gift-card with twelve coupons redeemable at the shop or department for a juvenile a month, *to be chosen by the child in* person. A youngster would thus build his own library while becoming accustomed to browsing amongst books; the parent would benefit by a bonus in the form of an extra book or two or a reduction per book; and the shop would benefit by a substantial initial sale leading to a new customer for the future.

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